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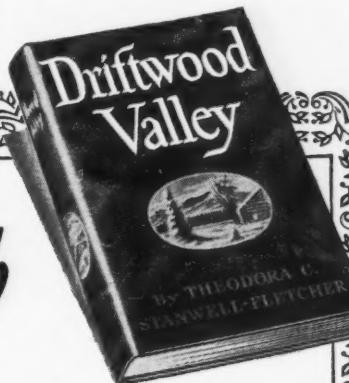
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Please enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me FREE, for joining now, a copy of Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher's "Driftwood Valley." Each month you are to send me a complete review of the Club's forthcoming selection which I may accept or reject as I choose. For every four Club selections I purchase, you are to send me an extra book absolutely free as a bonus. There are no membership dues or fees—only the requirement that I accept a minimum of four Club selections during the coming twelve months at only \$1.89 each, plus postage.

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CONTENTS

JANUARY 1947

PROTESTANT UNITY NOW!	6
HUMANITY'S LAST CHANCE	Spencer Duryee 15
TITHINGLY YOURS	Beatrice Plumb 18
THE LIGHT OF LIFE	Margaret Sangster 20
FLYING DOCTORS OF THE OUTBACK	Edwin Muller 24
WILL YOU HELP WRITE A BOOK?	Margaret Lee Runbeck 26
PILGRIMAGE IN A HAIRSHIRT	Edwin T. Randall 28
NO LAND IS FREE, A Story—Part Three	W. T. Person 30
THAT NOTHING BE LOST, A Sermon	J. Walter Malone 34
HOUSE ON FORTY-SIXTH STREET	Clarence W. Hall 36
PRECIOUS JEOPARDY, A Complete Novel	Lloyd Douglas 73

• • •

People and Things	2	Daily Meditations	33
Dr. Poling Answers	4	Poetry	43
Frontispiece	8	Sunday School Lessons	44
News Digest	9	The New Books	56
Editorial	14	Current Films	68
Tea Time Chat	23	Straight Talk	72

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VOLUME 70 • NUMBER 1

PEOPLE and Things



AND how do you like the full-length Lloyd Douglas story, "Precious Jeopardy," run as a supplement to this issue? It's a little bonus or Christmas present to you readers from the editors. There will be more supplements, later.

A funny thing happened in connection with this story, which gives you an insight into the real Christian character of Lloyd Douglas. We ran into a comedy of errors. We sent one check to Mr. Douglas in remuneration, and another to his publishers, who always share with the author on such occasions. The publishers, checking their records, discovered that Mr. Douglas held the copyright, not they; they accordingly sent him *their* check—which meant he had been paid twice. Without a word from us, Mr. Douglas wrote us a long and most delightful letter explaining just what had happened, sent back the second check, and concluded his remarks:

"Now, children, just what should this lesson teach us? Obviously, that a penny saved is a penny earned; that honesty is the best policy; that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; that every cloud has a silver lining; that a fool and his money are soon parted; and that a boy's best friend is his mother. Faithfully yours."

¶ The frontispiece this month speaks for itself: it is the first of a series to run throughout the year. They will be pictures in the modern tense, selected to illustrate the great hymns of the Church. We tried this same idea last year, with the Twenty-third Psalm. It was a new idea and a new approach, and we were not quite sure how our readers would react. The reaction was so good that it encouraged us to do the same thing for the hymns that we did with the Psalm. Incidentally, not one in a million readers know what it takes to get a *good* frontispiece in CHRISTIAN HERALD. Pictures are a dime a dozen—but not these.

¶ Margaret Sangster is back in this issue with a typical Sangster story, and we knew before we printed it that we would be getting a lot of cheers for her from our readers. For the sake of the newer readers, let us say that the name "Sangster" means something on this magazine. The present Margaret's grandmother wrote for us; granddaughter Margaret came to work in the HERALD office when she was sixteen. In later years, she has won a high place as poet, short-story and radio writer; she is one of the busiest writers we know, constantly being asked to do assignments she cannot possibly undertake inasmuch as there are only 24 hours in each day.

She did the "Light of the World" radio show for years; currently, she is writing the scripts for "My True Story" and "Joyce Jordan." In between scripts, she has found time somehow to get out a really excellent "Bible Quiz Book" and to do a regular stint as contributing editor for the David C. Cook publications.

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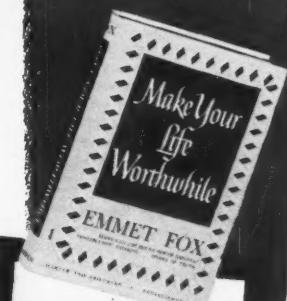
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Answer:

Call the nearest Salvation Army headquarters or ask your own pastor.

Question:

Are highway accidents increasing or decreasing?

Answer:

Increasing—alarmingly. The National Safety Council reports deaths totaling 13,240 during the first five months of 1946, an increase of 43 percent over the same period last year.

Question:

Do you know about the "Peace Garden" between Canada and the United States? Where could I secure the address?

Answer:

The "Peace Garden" referred to is located between Deloraine in Manitoba and Bottineau in North Dakota. These gardens were started several years ago. Address the Superintendent of Grounds, International Peace Gardens at either of the above post offices or the Department of Parks, Parliament Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Question:

I committed a sin for which I am profoundly sorry. I have earnestly sought forgiveness. Can I be forgiven?

Answer:

An anonymous letter with the equivalent of this question came to me from a community within two hundred miles of New York. The question cannot be answered specifically here. If I knew the name and address of the writer I might be able to help her greatly. Certainly I am able to assure her that as of Christ's promise to her, under the circumstances described by her, she is forgiven.

Question:

Should a church close for warm weather? Night clubs, theaters and saloons stay open. Are communities less in need of the church in the summer than in the winter?

Answer:

It is an inexcusable tragedy for any community to be without services in warm weather. The question implies its answer. Recently a New England community with two active Protestant churches and one Catholic church was without a Protestant service on Labor Sunday. That was little short of criminal neglect. The Catholic church did not close. Certainly a union Protestant service could have been arranged.

Question:

Why are divorced people denied communion while the lawyer who handled the case for divorce still communes? My question applies particularly to a Roman Catholic lawyer in our town.

Answer:

I suggest that the one asking this question talk with the local priest. I do not know.

Question:

I attended a meeting the other night, held in connection with the great fund-raising campaign of my denomination. I came away feeling that if the speakers had given us a vision of Christ instead of ruins and dollars and cents, it would have produced more money and done vastly more for the kingdom of God. Am I just a visionary? What do you think?

Answer:

I am a visionary too! Ruins and dollars and cents are mighty important in this message but give Christ the pre-eminence and every restoration fund will be completed and oversubscribed.

Question:

What is the simplest, briefest way in which one may believe on the Lord Jesus Christ—whether the occasion be at a death bed or after a fatal accident when time is short?

Answer:

To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is to accept Him with the mind, receive Him with the heart and acknowledge Him with the lips. The father who came to Jesus with the afflicted son answered the Master's question with these words, "I believe. Help thou mine unbelief." It was as simple and quick as that and the child was healed. Peter confessed

with these words, "Thou are the Christ, the Son of the Living God." The cry of the thief on the cross in those last flaming moments of his life was instantly heard and answered.

Question:

At the request of our pastor we have asked organizations within our church engaging in playing bingo and other games of chance to stop the practice. Members of these groups now threaten to leave the church. Have we made a mistake?

Answer:

I can only express my appreciation for your courage and the courage of your associates. Your pastor was fully justified in his request and whatever the immediate cost, you have been fully justified in what you have done. It is tragic beyond words that these practices should have come into the life of the church. If those who engage in them leave the church because the practices are discontinued, then they should leave. I do hope, however, that they will not!

Question:

I believe that crime-story broadcasts are directly responsible for juvenile delinquency. Do you?

Answer:

I do. Also, District Attorney Hauser of Los Angeles believes it. He said recently that crime programs are "a menace to society," and that "some crimes in Los Angeles County are duplicates of broadcasts. They ridicule law enforcement officers and glamorize criminals and are more habit-forming than narcotic drugs."

Question:

Where can I get information regarding "Child Evangelism?"

Answer:

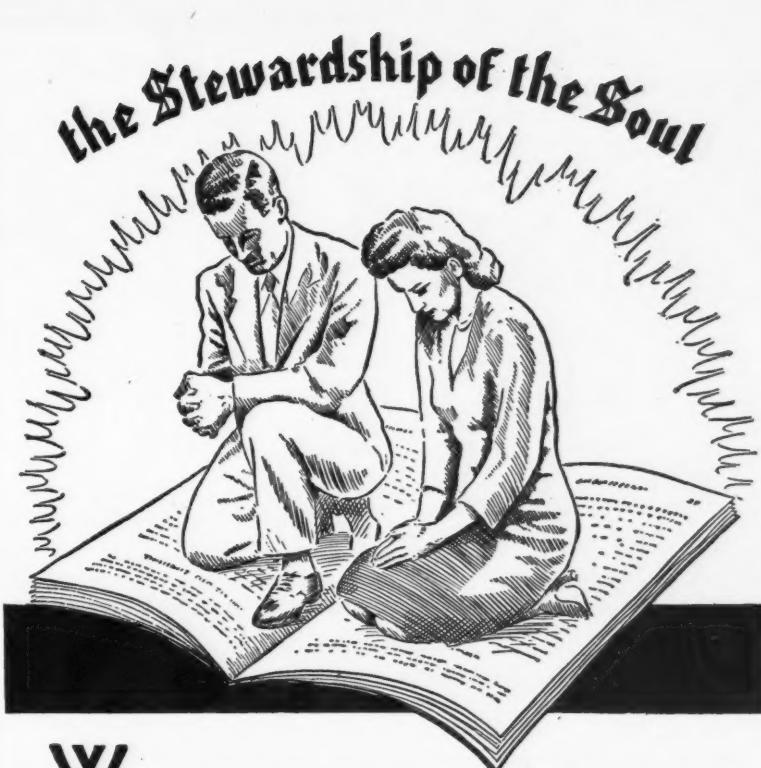
You may secure the information you desire by addressing The Child Evangelism Fellowship, 1831 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Question:

Why do not our Christian churches unite in their way of repeating the Lord's Prayer? One knows what to expect in the home service but when away there is always some hesitancy as to whether "debts" and "debtors" will be used, or "trespasses" and "trespass."

Answer:

I too regret that we cannot get together on the Lord's Prayer, but it is not likely that we shall. Anglican churches throughout the world, Methodist bodies and Episcopal, generally use "trespasses" and "trespass" while Calvinistic bodies, including Baptist and Presbyterian churches, use "debts" and "debtors."



WITH the emphasis on stewardship of talents, time, and money, we dare not forget the basic stewardship of our lives—the stewardship of the soul.

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you be so kind as to grant us permission to reprint it? Christian Herald is from the journalistic standpoint the most outstanding religious magazine in America today. You are doing a great job."

One letter out of the batch was read and re-read many times in this office. It came from Arthur W. Henshaw, a retired businessman, and one of the vice presidents of the New York State Council of Churches and a member of the Board of Trustees of the International Council of Religious Education. (Mr. Henshaw and Mr. Murch represent two widely different points of view on religious education, yet they are together on this question of Church union!) Mr. Henshaw writes:

"Personally I firmly believe that the absence of an authentic voice for the Protestants is one of the chief causes for dissension among us. The utterances of the Pope of Rome are not only read and heard but acted upon by the majority of Roman Catholics, whereas we so-called 'Protestants' seemingly acknowledge no authority and apparently want no leader.

"I often wonder how it is that our more than 200 denominations can claim that they are led by the Holy Spirit and in response to His guidance separate ourselves into small and large groups of Christians. It is so easy to take a single verse of Scripture and in so doing forget that a text without a context is pretext. We talk much about One World these days but what a poor example we are!"

James DeForest Murch is editor and manager of *United Evangelical Action*, the official magazine of the National Association of Evangelicals. Lest you think that the fundamentalists, who make up 100 percent of this group, are irreconcilably against Protestant union, read what Editor Murch writes us:

"That was a challenging editorial . . . I am thinking that it might be well to reproduce it in our columns and ask our readers to express their opinions. Would

"The denominations are making real progress in united service on the national level. Witness the cooperative work of the Federal Council of Churches, the International Council of Religious Education, the Foreign Missions Conference, the Home Missions Council, the Council of Church Boards of Education, the United Council of Church Women and the United Stewardship Council. You are of course familiar with the plans to consolidate these agencies in the proposed National Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which are somewhat along the lines suggested by the writer whose letter was quoted. There are also many state and county councils of churches.

"But the greatest need and the greatest opportunity for coöperative service is on the community level, down where the people are. The article, "How One Community Did It" in your splendid November number is an excellent example of things that should be done in every community.

"We are making some progress in the larger cities in many of which there are councils of churches carrying on. But the great need is in the hundreds of thousands of smaller cities and villages where the many churches fail to do the

things they might and sometimes even compete with each other. How can we encourage them to get together?

"Articles like the one referred to should inspire such action but such published articles, excellent though they are, are not enough. What we need is people who will visit our communities, find out who are interested, ask them to come together for the purpose of working out some plan and then visit them occasionally until they are well under way. The larger denominations have field workers, who cover extensive areas, visiting their own churches and often crossing each others' lines, but they do little or nothing about interdenominational cooperation.

"This job is too big for voluntary service and we must have paid workers. There are now a few field workers serving under the supervision of state and sometimes county councils of churches, all of which organizations are hoping and praying for more funds to put into this wonderfully promising field of activity. A comparatively small increase in the amount now contributed by Protestant church members to work outside their own churches, if given to interdenominational agencies for this purpose, would accomplish a very great deal.

"According to the 1936 U. S. Census of Religious Bodies, the total amount expended by the churches that year, exclusive of Catholics and Jews, although considerably less than in the previous census year of 1926, was, in round numbers, \$350,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 went to denominational headquarters. Judging from the amounts received from the denominational boards by the Federal Council of Churches and the International Council of Religious Education, it would seem safe to say that less than one percent of this \$50,000,000 is given to national interdenominational organizations. How much the local churches contribute direct to state and county councils of churches it is difficult to estimate. In New York State the figures would seem to indicate that this is not over one quarter of one percent of the amounts contributed to work outside of the local church.

"It is questionable whether the national denominational boards, with all the urge they feel to continually expand their work, would be receptive to suggestions that they contribute to state or local organizations. Therefore the increase must come in payments direct from local churches. Contributions amounting to as little as one percent of the \$50,000,000 now given to denominational headquarters would accomplish a great deal and that would be only one and one-half cents per year per church member.

"I wish it might be possible for your splendid magazine, which reaches so many church people, to call attention to some of these possibilities and persistently emphasize the potential value of greater contributions to interdenominational work."

Clarence W. Hall, Litt.D.

Associate Editor, Christian Herald, former editor, "The Link" and "The Chaplain," publications of the Service Men's Christian League. War correspondent and author of many articles and stories in the church and secular press.



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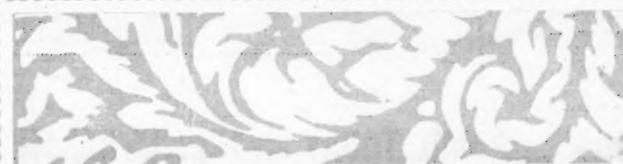
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A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

TAXES: Senator Taft of Ohio is one of the knowlingest men in the U. S. Senate; what he lacks in popular appeal he makes up with midnight oil. And Mr. Taft, who may become Senate majority leader ere long, says that two things are going to happen, quickly, when the new regime gets under way: 1) There will be a cut in Federal spending, which will result in 2) A cut in John Q. Public's taxes.

It must come in that order: spending must be cut *first*. Mr. Taft says it will be cut to twenty-five or thirty billion dollars; last year Federal spending went to \$43 billion. But just *where* the spending will be clipped—ah, that Mr. Taft did not say. Many a Republican shouted his lungs out for governmental economy, but when they were asked just *where* the cuts were to be made, where the economy achieved, they were really up against it for an answer.

We believe some money will be saved; Mr. Taft says the taxpayer will pay twenty-percent less taxes next year, but we believe ten percent would be a better figure. The Republicans will cut taxes, and no doubt of it; they'd better, if they want to stay in office!

OUTPOSTS: The United States is deeply concerned with the fate of certain islands in the Pacific. To wit: the Marshalls, the Marianas, the Carolines, Okinawa and Iwo Jima. And some others, formerly under the flag of Japan. The proposal of Uncle Sam to the United Nations is that these all-important strategic islands be put under UN trusteeship, but that the United States be allowed to build naval and military (secret) bases for her own protection.

There will be great argument over that; Soviet Russia will probably not submit to such an arrangement, inasmuch as it points the guns of Uncle Sam straight toward her, giving us secret strongholds within bombing distance of

the Soviet frontier. It is a novel suggestion for Uncle Sam to make, since his interest in such directions has been decidedly limited all through his history.

If the arrangement is agreed upon, we will see a structure of armaments in these islands costing fabulous sums of money—it will be something on a scale unprecedented in this country. As a matter of fact, it has already started. A huge new naval base is under construction in Hawaii, to supplant the too-vulnerable Pearl Harbor; a sixteen-mile-long tunnel under Oahu will connect one end of the island with the other. A multi-million dollar Naval development is already under way in Guam. It is to be a vast network of defensive armament, including not only Guam and Hawaii but the Aleutians, American Samoa, the Pal-

aus, the Carolines, and—perhaps—Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

We are too bewildered by the prospect to do much commenting—yet. What sickens us is that this comes just as we are trying to get the United Nations running in high gear, just as we are talking disarmament in that Assembly. Is there no other way out than this? Must we pour *more* millions into the Pacific Ocean? Maybe it *is* necessary to our national security, as the military men say; even so, we are heartsick at the thought of it.

IMPASSE: The President of the United States is probably the most uncertain man in the United States, right now. His radio address, promising coöperation to coöperative Republicans until his term is out, was a good address; he made the best of a very bad situation.

The country at large, we think, did not appreciate that speech, nor does it appreciate the realistic approach of this President. When he took over the Presidency a year and a half ago, he went at things with a genuine good sense; he was in a bad spot then, and he did about the best any man could have done in such a spot. He is in a very similar situation now, and he has handled himself well. If the Republicans acquit themselves as well, in their handling of him, we may not be in for the confusion our commentators so gleefully predict.

Mr. Truman stands at the helm of a sinking ship; his party has all but completely collapsed. It is not his mistakes that have ruined it, though he has made some bad ones; it is a case of inevitable internal dissension within the ranks of



PRESS ASSN.

PUBLICITY VS. THE HOME. Refusing to leave her children for a 20-week publicity tour as Mrs. America, Mrs. Janis Pollock, Columbus, O., surrenders the title and a \$2500 prize. There are still fine mothers in America!

the Democratic Party. As Mayor Hague of Jersey City put it, after his terrific beating, "The Republicans could have elected a ticket of Nazis this year." And that's right. The Democrats just didn't have a chance. The country wants a change.

The burden really lies now not on the President, but on the Republican majority in Congress. If that majority fritters away its time just trying to make the President look bad so that their Republican candidate for President will look good, they will have lost the greatest chance in the history of their party. If they really get down to serious consideration of the tremendous issues at home and abroad, they can stay in power for twenty years. Watch Congress, not the President.

COURIER'S CUES: Purge of Communists and Communist sympathizers in Federal agencies will be starting soon; it's a case of getting there too late with too little, insofar as Administration is concerned . . . An estimated six billion dollars is soon to be asked for, for Federal hospital program; problems involved in such a program in the South seem insurmountable, but aren't . . . Twentieth-Century Fox will spend \$100,000 just looking all over the country for a pair of teen-agers to play the leads in a forthcoming movie . . . CIO and AFL drives to get Southern workers unionized are not getting to first base . . . Prices on almost everything are scheduled to go up first, then come down where they belong.

A B R O A D

EAST: Nearly half the people on this globe live in China and India—and that fact is giving a lot of sleepless nights to American economists and militarists. The economists are worried over the prospect of a military front made up of five-hundred-million Chinese and four-hundred-million Indians; if Russia were to mechanize the arms and industry of these two Eastern countries—what a front that would be! The economists are wondering what would happen to the American standard of living if the standard in India and China were to be brought up to where ours is now—and how Western labor would ever compete with that flood of Oriental labor.

We may all be worrying over nothing. The signs coming out of Cathay and the land of Ghandi are most encouraging. Both lands are far, far from the status of war-makers; China is torn by civil war and India struggles terribly up to freedom and independence; but not in our day will either of them be a military threat. Terrific problems will absorb their attention for years to come. Forty-five percent of all the children of India die before they reach their fifth birthday;

in China, the percentage may be even higher.

But China and India move beautifully toward a new and better day. Chiang Kai-shek, sans the aid of American forces, is winning his civil war; economics and the currency are getting on a good solid footing at long last. In India, optimism is king, in spite of riot. Those riots were inevitable; the wonder is that they are not a lot worse than they are. India is coming out into the light with her new seven-league boots of freedom.

We looked down the other day on Mrs. Pandit, at the United Nations: here is a little gray-haired woman who stands as the symbol of the struggle of her people. She has known terror and prison: the distance between prison and the

communist is quite like his American political brother: catankerous, noisy, fanatically loyal to his party and bound to Moscow by invisible but mighty ropes. Confusion confounded will be the order of the day with this situation in Paris.

France is not going Communistic; even their victory does not prove that. Neither does the swing toward the conservative right in France mean that the conservatives will hold the upper hand; even the most conservative of these conservatives are saying that government interference in French industry and economics is inevitable.

It will be a good fight, in Paris. Set your sights on it and watch it closely; it may be the barometer for all Europe!

MADNESS: A Basque in Spain recently told an American reporter, "We are all a little crazy here . . . We feel like doing something violent." Violence seemed just around the corner at the month's end.

Spain is caught between two fires: one lit by Stalin, the other by Franco. Franco's record of butchery and imprisonment is history; ask any man who ever spoke out against him in Spain what happens when one speaks thus, and you'll get it. To "set poor Spain free" from all that, have come Communist cells, particularly into the anti-Franco Basque provinces. They said they brought liberty; what they really brought was a denial of free speech every bit as ruthless as Franco's. He who speaks out against the Communists gets a free room in a local jail—at the very least.

Roving this part of Spain are soldiers with red tassels on their caps, armed with short clubs. "Helping" them is a horde of plainclothesmen who are forever stopping you on the street and asking for your "identification papers."

Once, this writer went through all that totalitarian nonsense in Fascist Italy; he loathes any system of government that would fasten it on weary Spain, which at the moment is a bit of war's fruit all ready to drop into the Soviet basket, and be carried off.

POLICE: The peace of this world depends upon the establishment of an international police force. That police force depends upon the establishment of a genuine good will between Russia and the Western democracies. Until that good will comes, we have shadow-boxing and nothing else.

President Truman is worried about this police force—and so is Soviet Russia. It would be something unprecedented in international affairs, and the diplomats of the various sovereign states will move carefully in establishing it and in giving it a real set of teeth. It would be not an aggressive force, but a restraining force against any would-be aggressor. It would deal not with major wars but with the little local incidents that are the genesis of war. It would be a striking force at the disposal of the Security Council.



WIDE WORLD

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER. Dr. John R. Mott, 81-year-old president of World Alliance of the YMCA, shares the 1946 peace award with Professor Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley, Mass. Despite his advanced years, Dr. Mott will fly to Oslo to receive the award.

United Nations represents the distance India has come in the last two or three decades. Those of you who love freedom and mankind, look at this woman and take new heart!

FRANCE: Poor France! Her politics have turned into a tragic-comedy, the last act of which no man dares predict.

In the first election of a National Assembly to be held under the constitution of the Fourth Republic, the Communists have been established as the largest single party in the Assembly—but the Communists do not even yet constitute a majority, and hence cannot put their Marxism to work. Even if the Socialists were to join forces with them, they still would not have the necessary majority. The Communists cannot govern; and it is French history that no group yet has been able to govern well in company with the Communists. The French Com-

As long as the great powers quibble over their own separate sovereignties, we will not get it. As long as we stand shaking our diplomatic fists at each other, we will not get it. As long as we lack a United Nations with real authority, we will not get it. Until we do get it, we have no real security.

What are you doing about it? Just hoping?

IMMORTALITY: If you thought that the Nuremberg hangings put an end to Hermann Goering, think again. Chalked on German walls and houses, whispered from lip to sulky lip this month in Germany were the words of Goering's false "dying appeal to the German people." The last words of Goering are locked up in the secret archives of the American Army; the faked version, spread like crude oil on fire by his irreconcilable companions, call upon the Germans to "Try to forget some things, but remember others. . . . Above all remember that you are Germans . . . that you are the people who will some day again be able to show the world what you are made of. . . ."

You don't strangle an idea in a hangman's noose; you do it with long, patient education. And you keep your eye on the student, closely, while you're teaching!

AFTERMATH: The Zeilsheim Jewish displaced persons camp in Frankfurt Am Main was raided the other day by American M. P.'s, who found the best-stocked blackmarket center in Europe. They arrested ten alleged ringleaders, confiscated twenty-four "hot" automobiles plus a lot of gold, jewelry and cash. Those arrested were all Germans, which may lead some critics to say that the only good German is a dead German.

And over on the other side of the world, in Shanghai, startled Americans read with amazement a newspaper ad offering American blood plasma for sale. It seems that 290 measurement tons of blood plasma, taken from the veins of patriotic Americans right here at home, was sold by the Foreign Liquidation Commission at about 50 cents a pint. Somehow, it found its way to the Shanghai black market, where it is now being sold at \$25 a pint—in American money. The Red Cross is so outraged at the whole deal that they have brought no uncertain pressure on the Commission to buy back that plasma—*which it may*.

What do we say to this business in Shanghai? That the only good Chinese is a dead Chinese—or that the only good American is a dead American? No—nationality has nothing whatever to do with this. It is the bitter aftermath of war. Let down the bars for wholesale murder, and other crimes follow as a matter of plain simple evolution. We may rage against it, but by this time we ought to expect it!

CHURCH NEWS

WORRIED: That all is not as bright as it seems within American Roman Catholicism is evident from the worried words of Archbishop Cushing of Boston, in a recent speech. Said the Archbishop:

"It is true that the Roman Catholic Church in America has grown from 30,000 at the end of the Eighteenth Century to more than 25,000,000 Catholics

tending the meeting of the United Nations Assembly recently worshipped together in the pews of New York's Riverside Church. They heard John Foster Dulles, famed Protestant layman, say that the force of moral law could and must bind the United Nations into one.

Not too much publicity concerning this got into the daily papers, and we wonder why. A week before this Protestant service, Mr. Vyshinsky of Russia attended mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, had his picture taken as he shook hands



Marcus in the New York Times

A NEW BACK SEAT DRIVER

. . . but the figures are much smaller than the total number of non-Catholics or those of no religious persuasion . . . Among the unfavorable factors are the very low immigration rate today, the fact that the Catholic birthrate will probably diminish, and the increase of mixed marriages."

That's news. We Protestants have been saying that mixed marriages work against us; evidently it works in two directions at once. When the archbishop goes on to say that "there are only about two converts per priest" (yearly), and that, "We priests are saving the saved," he is also talking a language with which Protestants are familiar.

The same problems and the same worries hold on both sides of the fence!

WORSHIP: "Representatives of more than thirty of the fifty-four nations at-

with a Church dignitary. Most of the folks we know laughed right out loud when they saw that picture; the spectacle of a Communist at Mass called for an almost un-reverent response. While we do not know just *why* Mr. Vyshinsky and those with him went to St. Patrick's, we guess that the Russians outsmarted the churchmen in accepting an invitation which the churchmen thought would never be accepted. There was certainly some diplomatic monkey-business here.

BLAST: That bigger and better society for the propagation of class hatred known as "The Columbians" has been much in the headlines of late. Organized in Atlanta, the Columbians are nothing more than a pale carbon copy of the Ku Klux Klan, and equally un-American. They believe in violence and "100 percent white democracy." We wonder

whether Gene Talmadge is one of them.

Wherever the governor stands, there is no doubt as to where the Atlanta pastors stand. In a blast at the Columbians, Dr. Harrison McMains of Atlanta said the other day: "We can't compete with the Columbians on their own level because we do not believe in the use of violence; but we, as church people, must speak out in favor of the establishment of good will in order to get along with the various races in our community. We have been too hesitant. We must begin to apply Christian principles."

Right! When Christians hesitate, others grab the reins.

this founder "The sainted father of Frank and Jesse." Evidently, the notorious James boys had quite some religious attention in their background, too. What went wrong in Frank and Jesse that did not go wrong in David Lilienthal? Is Sunday school, even a parsonage-background enough? Does the Church fall down later in a man's life? Is it just inevitable that some boys go bad? We'd like to talk that over with a class of teen-age Sunday-school youngsters.

Then there is that Sunday-school teacher who, exasperated with a wriggling boy, told him to go home and stay

*Nor on this land alone—
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.*

The new verse was sung recently at a service in St. Paul's, attended by king and queen and the ministers of state; following the hymn, prayers were said for "God's blessing and guidance on the Assembly of the United Nations, presently to begin in New York."

Thank God!



CHRISTIAN HERALD GIVES CITATIONS TO THREE. The first annual citations for distinguished Christian service were made by Christian Herald in New York last month. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Editor, is shown above, right, with the three recipients. Left to right: Dr. Ivan M. Gould, joint secretary of Pennsylvania Council of Churches and Pennsylvania Council of Christian Education; Carroll M. Wright, executive secretary and treasurer of World's Christian Endeavor Society; Clarence W. Hall, associate editor, Christian Herald. The men were cited for their work during the war with the Service Men's Christian League.

BACKGROUNDS: Two news items, dealing in backgrounds, give us food for thought in this morning's paper. One tells us that David E. Lilienthal recently took the oath of office as chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission with his hand resting on a Bible given him by his mother when he was a seven-year-old Sunday-school pupil. We felt like saying, "There you are! A typical Sunday-school product. Bend the twig and get the tree . . ."

But then we turned the page and read that a little rural Baptist church out in Missouri, near Independence, is celebrating its founding one hundred years ago by the Reverend Robert James—father of the everlasting outlaws, Jesse and Frank James! The visiting parson who preached the sermon of the day called

home. Little John Dillinger went home and stayed home. Remember what happened to him?

REVISION: Ever since our teen years, we have thought that there was something definitely hate-inspiring in the second stanza of England's national anthem. That verse ran:

*O Lord our God arise,
Scatter our enemies
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks.*

It sounded a bit too eighth-grade—as, indeed, does many another national anthem. We are cheered by dispatches from London which tell us that "God Save The King" now has a revised second verse which runs thus:

TEMPERANCE

CONVENTIONS: Your correspondent covered two temperance conventions this month: the Anti-Saloon League at Indianapolis, and the National Temperance Movement at Chicago. These are, to our way of thinking, two of the most important organizations in the country.

The Anti-Saloons heard President (Bishop) Cushman take them off the Prohibition wagon for good and all; when he got through with that speech, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that he was 'agin' drying up the country via another constitutional amendment. He probably believes in *ultimate* Prohibition, but he wants to get there by way of local option. Not all his listeners, we learned, agreed with that position. This convention produced the finest panel of speakers we have listened to in many a day, among the finest of whom was the scientific veteran Dr. Haven Emerson. There is a man with a real case against liquor! We notice a sad lack of youth in the ranks of the Anti-Saloons; this was evident when they tried to change their name—which they didn't. But by and large, this is an able group of veterans.

The National Temperance Movement put on a youth rally, and that was encouraging. They used for their sessions several of the Indianapolis speakers, and took up much time with routine business. This organization is only a year old, but it's a husky baby. They have more downright Prohibitionists than you'll find in the Anti-Saloon League, and we believe they have more younger men. They show signs, however, of solidifying into just another temperance group, rather than in becoming a great unifying centre around which our scattered hosts could rally. We hope we're wrong in thinking that!

What both groups need is 1) more youth; 2) a few original ideas; 3) modern techniques in promotion and finance; 4) a temperance literature that is well conceived, designed and promoted. The Drys suffer in these directions, in comparison with the intelligent and effective (and well financed) efforts of the Wets.



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CHRISTIAN *Herald*

>>>>>> JANUARY, 1947



THE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

THE greatest menace to world peace—the supreme threat to international accord is fear; fear of the unknown.

What is Russia planning? How far have other nations gone in their search to find the secret unlocked by the atom bomb? We do not know and for every question we in our fear are asking, Russia in her fear is asking another.

Fear of the unknown was the first fear of primitive man, and it still occupies first place in the minds of his descendants. It is at once individual and collective and it is both timeless and universal.

One of the world's greatest sermons had as its subject, "The Unknown God." Paul was in Athens waiting for a friend when he found the strange altar set up in a city that gave recognition to practically every deity that man had ever worshipped. Why that altar to the unknown God? Fear is the answer; fear that there might be yet another deity to wreak his vengeance on unappreciative mortals.

In children and in primitive peoples this fear may be studied with comparative ease. With adults and in Twentieth Century society the study is more difficult. A child runs screaming from the thunder crash and hides from the lightning because thunder and lightning are a mystery. We who have the pride and poise of civilization do not fear the unknown in the abstract, but who has escaped the first rush of terror inspired by the horror let loose above Hiroshima and did you ever sit up in bed and try to locate a strange noise? What an eternity a mother lives through as she dashes to the scene of her child's disaster only to discover that the pup has the three-year-old's doll. What was it that nearly stopped the mother's heart? Certainly not her child's sawdust tragedy. Not that, but the terror of uncertainty.

Mystery magnifies danger as mists magnify the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its influence because it lacked a body. Also it is mystery that gives certain organizations their grip in particular groups of society. How many members has the

K.K.K.? Very likely not many, but then we do not know. A cardinal principle of military science is "Keep the enemy guessing." Our old coach used to say, "Secret practice doesn't help you much, but it puts the other fellows on the 'griddle.'"

The human mind is an active agent. It must feed the unknown, if not with facts, then with phantoms.

I once spent some weeks in a family whose members were in constant anxiety because death had never broken their circle. Now they were apprehensive. They awaited the first break which they feared would open the way for others in close succession. Often we fear ourselves. The father whose son had tried him with brutal disregard, seized a chopping axe and hurled it at the boy's head. He missed his mark but knew ever after that there were unknown and therefore unmastered areas in his moral being.

It was against this greatest fear and proclaiming its conqueror that Paul spoke on Mars Hill. Today only the knowledge that Paul possessed and proclaimed can overcome our terror of the supernatural within and the unknown without. Only this knowledge as an experience, changing the very character of man, can at last reconcile differences between nations and lay the foundation of an enduring peace.

If our knowledge of God were limited to floods and frosts, hurricanes and earthquakes, we should judge Him the greatest killer of all, and fleeing from Him trample the helpless under our feet. Also if our knowledge were limited to test-tube experiments, we might eventually slap the Almighty familiarly on the back, but we would never fall down and worship and arise then to build the new earth.

How do we lose our fear? By knowing. How do we lose our fear of God? By knowing Him. We come to know Him in part by the instruction of nature and by the wisdom of science, but we know God at last with the knowledge that destroys fear, through Jesus Christ, His son. We know Him then as long-suffering and generous, sacrificial and kind; know Him as our loving Heavenly Father.

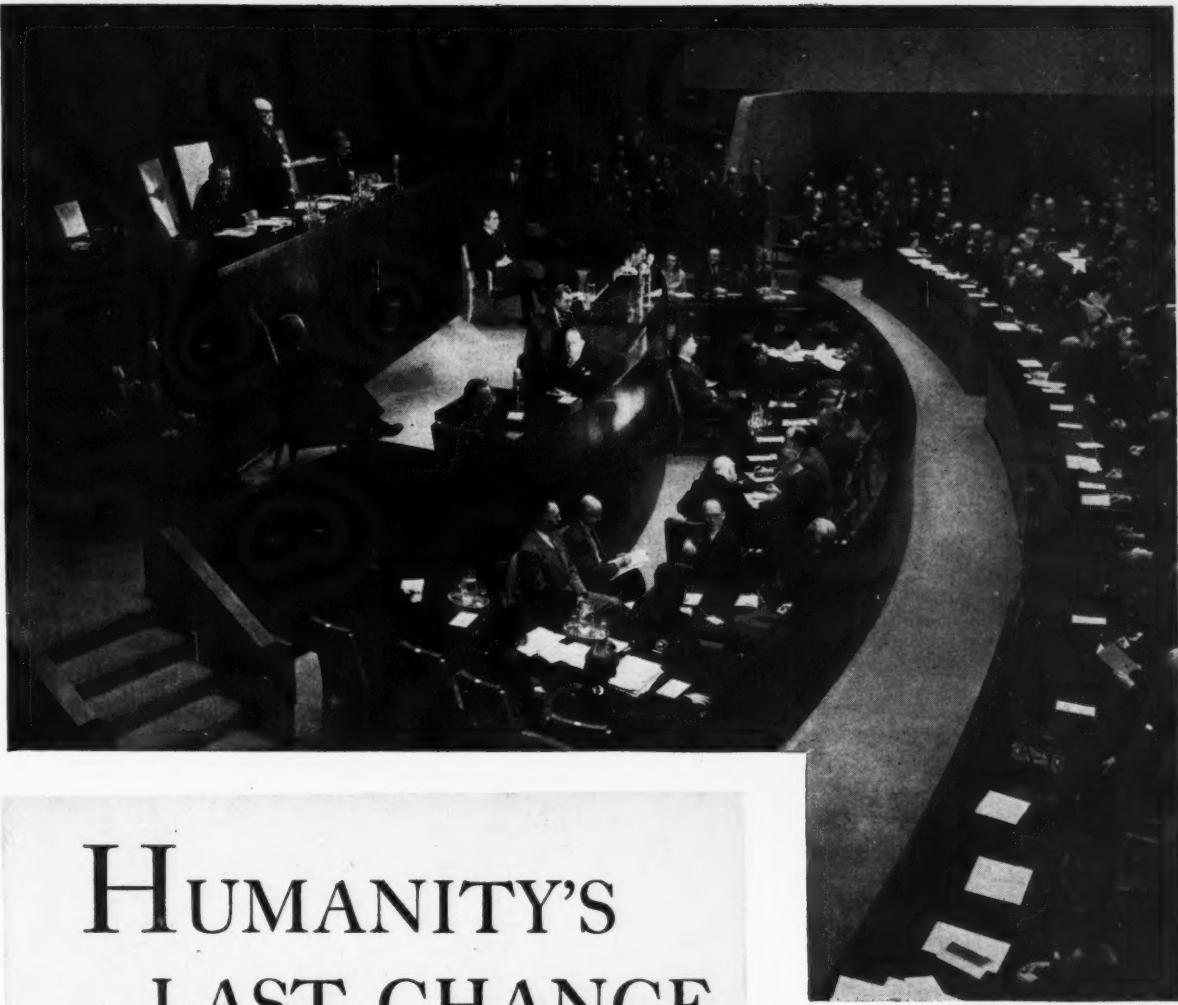
The unknown God, preached by Paul, comes alive to us not at last in a manifestation of nature, but in a loving son. The New Year cannot be known to us, but knowing God through Jesus Christ we may "trust and not be afraid."



Daniel A. Poling

* * * * * EDITOR * * * * *

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all nominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike w-



OFFICIAL UNITED NATIONS PHOTOS

HUMANITY'S LAST CHANCE

By Spencer Duryee

ONCE, at the edge of a desert, we saw a sign: "Your last chance to get water, oil and gas," and it frightened us a bit. On the Mexican border we once rode past "The Last Chance Saloon," and looked upon a dozen human derelicts in the gutter outside who had reached the end of the road. And yesterday afternoon the conductor on the train that took us out of New York City shouted "United Nations. Last stop!"

He might as well have said "Last Chance," for that is just about what the United Nations organization is. There is something inspiring and something terrible in the words; you feel it as you walk across the gay green grass near the building on the Flushing Meadows where the U. N. Assembly meets; you tell yourself that it is now or never, right here, for humanity.

The sun was bright and warm as we started across the grass for the main

door. A man who spoke good guttural Dutch fell in step beside us; he had a briefcase and a pocketful of cigars. He said in broken English, with a smile: "Have a cigar?"

The cigar looked lethal; we thanked him and refused. We walked in silence, two men from the ends of the earth; he told us later that he had spent most of his life in Sumatra. A spanking breeze snapped the flags in the big circle on the lawn in front of the Assembly building—fifty-four flags representing the fifty-four nations met here to weld the world into one big happy family. The Dutchman and I stood looking at the flags. "May God be with us," he said. I liked that Dutchman.

A U. S. Marine, in full uniform, stood beside the door. There is a Marine at every door here. I wondered why. I thought of the line in the song the Marines sing: "You'll find the gates of heaven guarded

Here men of 54 nations are met together to find a way to world peace. Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, president of the UN Assembly, opens the New York session at which President Truman, seated on rostrum, spoke. Secretary-General Lie sits just above.

. . . by the United States Marines." If the United Nations do what they want to do in this big rambling building, posterity will come to think of it as heaven—or almost that—so perhaps the Marines are guarding heaven's gates. Perhaps they are needed here, but frankly they looked out of place. This is an assembly of peacemakers.

Overhead, there is another discordant note: a constant roar of planes. They're perfectly innocent passenger planes going in to land or taking off from nearby La Guardia Field, but you don't think of that when you look up at them. They seem military.

Inside, it is Babel. Men, women and children of every possible creed, color and complexion fill the big lobby—talking, gesturing, walking slowly, running. They are the children of God, all of them; God hath made of one blood all nations of men. A Hindu boy, dark as an Ameri-

can Negro, sits on a big divan joking with a Chinese girl; a tall, bearded Arab (Saudi-Arabia) in a turban whispering in a corner with an aristocratic Britisher who looks just like C. Aubrey Smith. A Russian is laying down the law to a Rumanian. The lion and the lamb!

We find our way upstairs to the press gallery and look around. This might be the room in which the House of Representatives meets in Washington, only it's larger, and looks more dignified. To the right and left of the press gallery, which is at the rear, are a series of rooms or studios behind glass, lighted by eerie blue florescent lights, filled with mysterious-looking men with earphones on their heads, twirling dials, adjusting wires and cables. They look like men from Mars; they are, we suppose, radio and television men sending out whatever is said and done here to the whole world. It is a little startling to sit there and tell yourself that what you are to hear today will be heard by peasants in Azerbaijan, by Ghandi in India.

Under these Martian glass cages, downstairs, are the seats for the visitors. There are legions of children here today, pupils with their teachers, little boys with their dads, come to see the great

men get their world ready for peace, or send them off to war twenty years from now. They are not flippant bobby-soxers; they are serious. It is the new education. Thank God for it! Over on the other side sits almost a solid row of Roman Catholic priests, all wide awake, taking notes.

We look from them to the delegates, who are beginning to come in now. Some of them we recognize, others we guess at. These are destiny's men, men holding the peace of the world in their hands like a slippery football. They are all dressed alike, in sack suits. We don't see the Arab, yet. They all seem, from a distance, to have been poured out of one mold. But—are they? Just who and what are these men? From against what backgrounds have they come here, and with what ideas? We begin to pick out a few we know, a few of the headliners, a few of the big ones, and to think of what they are and of what they may do to—all of us.

The Iranian leader comes in. He looks young. He is quick, dapper, in command; the rest of his delegation stand up as he comes down the aisle to his seat; buck privates and a general! There are many other young men here. Have you heard that this is an old man's convention? That isn't true. There is youth all over the place. I don't know what the average age is; from where I sit, it certainly looks to be 50, or even less.

The meeting is to start at four P.M., but nobody seems to be worrying about that; it is already 4:15, and no sign of

starting yet. We look down at the signs on the delegates' tables. Bolivia. Yugoslavia. China. Canada. The French must be having a meeting, somewhere; there isn't a single delegate in his seat, yet. At 4:20 the seats have begun to fill. Cuba chats with Liberia. Down in front, Tom Connally enters ponderously. He labors to his seat, looks up at the press, sits down, drops his head in his hand. He looks like the sort of American politician who could rise and say, "Ladies and gentlemen. Members of the *Democra-r-r-atie* party!" and wait for the applause to subside. A reporter next to me says the press calls him "Windy Tom." There is sagebrush in him, the bluff and bustle of the backroom political caucus. He sits there importantly. Sitting Bull.

The cameramen start running and fumbling with shutters and plates as Warren Austin—Senator Warren Austin of Vermont—comes in. Austin, yesterday, made a most important speech; the flashbulbs go off like star shells, blinding you. Austin is really important here. Both Democrats and Republicans cheered when President Truman appointed him to this seat, in place of the resigned Stettinius. Austin had been an outspoken anti-New Dealer up to then; he had also spent most of his life studying the international picture and pleading for a world family of nations; he was pleading for it long before Pearl Harbor, and when he was appointed here he called it "a divine dispensation." He is no longer dreaming of world organiza-

Flags of the 54 United Nations fly from 50-foot poles arranged in a circle around the garden in front of the UN Assembly meeting hall—the New York City Building of the 1939 World's Fair. They are in alphabetical order, rotated daily.





Sack suits and burnoses mingle at the UN Assembly. Above: The Soviet's Vishinsky, left, chats with Warren R. Austin, chairman of the U. S. delegation. Below: Two Saudi Arabian delegates compare notes before a recent session.



tion; he is in the front line, directing the fight for it. He stood against the isolationism of his party for Wendell Willkie; he backed the foreign policy of F.D.R. He helped draft Dumbarton Oaks, made the final draft at Chapultepec, believes we can and will get along with the Russians. "Anything within reason to restore Russia's confidence in us, but let's keep that atom bomb!" Realist as well as idealist is Austin of Vermont: he is immaculately dressed, likes good company and good food and listens to the Lone Ranger on the radio. He is the typical successful Yankee lawyer. There

is a lot of hope in Senator Warren Austin.

Mrs. Roosevelt is here now. She sits there quietly, a spectacle at once sad and inspiring. She is the widow of the spiritual father of all this, and she has a reputation for humanitarianism and a love for the little people and a way of speaking frankly when it is time to speak. She puts her arm around Mrs. Pandit of India. East is East and West is West and these two meet on perfect common ground.

Vandenberg slips in almost unnoticed. He has the quiet confidence of a quarterback. He looks tired, drawn. Most of

the American delegation looks like that; they are in sharp contrast to most other delegations, save the British.

Just back of these "official" Americans sits a row of aides and advisers, among them John C. Ross, who works closely with Austin. Ross is one of the most important men behind the scenes of the Assembly; the newsmen have dubbed him "the invisible quarterback;" they say that a lot of our American chances in this gathering depend upon him. He is a young man to watch.

The cameramen are running up and down the aisles, getting what pictures they can before the gavel falls. They look like a lot of FBI bloodhounds, closing in on a lot of desperate criminals. They spot Quo Tai-Chi, head man from China, and they surround him. He smiles through the boredom. He looks quite young—as do all the Chinese. Twenty-five hundred years before he came to this place, his Chinese Confucius was saying that "all men within the four seas are brothers." Small, deliberate, he is over fifty and looks under forty. Seventeen million of his people are starving. For one year he was a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press*; he is Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Pennsylvania, suave, tranquil, courteous, quiet. And popular.

Here comes Cadogan—Sir Alexander Cadogan of Great Britain. He looks like something out of one of Bairnsfather's cartoons—the perfect Englishman! He made the first rough notes which later became the Atlantic Charter. Once permanent Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs and head of the British Secret Service, Cadogan is slim and reserved with a long nose and walrus mustache. His face is an eternal deadpan; they say he never relaxes. He looks tired. He has something to say to Alexandre Parodi, Frenchman, ex-head of the French underground, who sits at his desk twirling a pencil.

Leaning over an Australian desk is a man who looks like a dressed-up prize fighter. This is Herbert Vere Evatt, who does most of his fighting in the Security Council. The British and Australians call him "Bert." Bert is a most outspoken man. Rough and tough, he is the champion of the smaller nations; he refuses to let any of them be pushed around. He will tolerate no secret meetings. "The United Nations belongs to all the people, and all the people have a right to know what goes on here all the time!" Tall and square, he has a wild thatch of unruly hair. When he slams his fist down on the table, everything rattles. His wild outburst of rage when Gromyko tried to defeat open sessions is still talked about; he bluffed and beat the Russian completely. Even the Big Four ministers think twice before they oppose him.

The Russians are coming in now. Gromyko is here, visiting. He is young, (Continued on page 53)



MY DESK is a small brown island, entirely surrounded by a sea of letters. They surge, by the happy hundreds, over tables, chairs, desks, bookcases, even the floor—each a wave of faith and hope. A lifting tide of letters, with the same buoyant theme—*tithing!*

That Monday, before they were brought to my door in a fat file by a secretary of Kenneth S. Keyes, it had seemed to me that there wasn't much faith left in the world. Or hope, either.

For a week, every commentator seemed possessed by some foreboding fear. Fear of the split atom, of Russia, of inflation, of unemployment, of this or that. Every editorial writer and columnist added his bleak warning that adversity was just around the corner. Even my friends seemed numbed by some nameless fear. "We can't tell what the future holds," they would say heavily—as if this were something new.

All this I could withstand. But, the previous day, a radio minister had left me with the feeling that God was no longer in His Heaven. "All's wrong with the world!" could have been his text.

He said the Church was no longer a vital force in the world; that it had lost its power. He was so sure of it! And suddenly I was swept with a deadly panic lest he was right. And then, like Peter of old, I took my eyes off the Lord, to look at the perilous sea . . . and at once began to sink!

What the world's waves of fear had been unable to do in a week, that radio preacher did with a handful of hopeless

Tithing!

By BEATRICE
PLUMB

Editor's Note: "The Things That Are God's"—the story of Kenneth S. Keyes, Florida businessman and tither extraordinary, appeared in our February (1946) issue. It created a nation-wide—even an international—stir. Letters immediately began pouring in on Mr. Keyes and Beatrice Plumb, author of the article. All were highly commendatory—they applauded Mr. Keyes for his outstanding Kingdom work, Miss Plumb for her part in telling about it so vividly. They came from all ages, professions, classes—even different races and creeds. This flood of mail came as a revelation; tithing, it had been thought, was a lost art. Miss Plumb presents excerpts here from typical letters.

words in two minutes! But just as the Lord stretched forth His saving hand and caught Peter, so He saved me.

How? By these hundreds of letters from CHRISTIAN HERALD readers—all going joyfully about their Father's business—who wrote to Mr. Keyes to applaud his views on tithing, as expressed in the article, "The Things That Are God's," which appeared in last February's issue.

I wish you could read them all! They still come from all sorts and conditions of folks. Rich, poor; young, old; black, white; scholarly, illiterate; Jew, Catholic, Protestant. They come from ministers of over twenty denominations; and from every state in the union!

They come from college presidents and deans—and from people who spell by ear. They come from chairmen of great church and missionary conferences, with imposing standing committees of well-known names, and from a self-appointed committee-of-one who, "with God as her partner," sallied forth to launch a personal tithing campaign in the five churches of her community. And did!

They come from auditors, accountants, businessmen, physicians, an artist, a state attorney, an ex-judge, a financier; from a young man stricken with polio when a baby, who never went to school a day in his life, never walked a step, never earned a dollar. And from a col-

ing a handsome Masonic emblem, elbows the fragile pages written in a delicate hand by a Roman Catholic Sister of Charity. She, too, has a partnership with God. She ends her gentle letter, "May the Risen Lord surround you with new life and love. God love you!"

Some of the letters are from Christians who have been tithing for half a century. Some are from new tithees—children, college lads, ministerial students, young men just out of the Service, newlyweds on a honeymoon. Some are from prospective tithees, writing for the free booklet Kenneth S. Keyes offered to all who wrote for it. But all could have been signed, as one was: "Tithingly Yours."

On my overflow table, good-naturedly crowding one another, is a regular Main Street of business letterheads—only half of them are from big cities: Hardware, Paint, Furniture, Dry Goods, Insurance, Funeral—wholesalers, retailers, big business and small.

All wrong with the world? What about this glorious company of tithees, all seeking first the Kingdom, by that very practical way of taking out of their own pocketbooks the cash Christ needs to meet the expenses of His Father's business?

The Church no longer a power? If only that radio preacher could read these hundreds of letters from tithing ministers and missionaries!

Here's one, stamped "Mission to Israel in Europe, Palestine and U. S. A." The writer is a D. D., B. Lit., a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society—and a globe-trotting Soldier of The Cross. He writes:

Peace to you be multiplied! Have just read a short account of your tithing. I have been a missionary for fifty-three years in all parts of the world. Have preached the Gospel on the four continents and some islands of the sea, and have lived by faith, and tithed—giving not only what was given to me, but my whole life.

I've been in famines, floods, plagues, riots, spit on and shot at, and am still going strong, proclaiming the Kingdom of God. First, I am in the Kingdom of God, and next I am a Baptist minister.

How these Kingdom-bringers tithe! One writes from Iowa to testify of the joy that has come to him in his forty-five years of tithing. A Church of the Naz-

rene minister writes from Minnesota that he is training the young people of his church to tithe. He adds:

I have practiced tithing for almost forty years, and I know it is the only satisfactory way of financing the Kingdom of God on earth.

Here is a letter from a retired missionary of the Church of the Brethren. For thirty years, while on the mission field in China, and for five years at home, she has "gratefully and joyfully" tithe the tenth of her annual support of \$600.

And this from the tithe minister of three rural churches in South Carolina:

We are tithees. Once having seen the light in this connection, how can one be otherwise? We began with one-tenth, but have long since passed that figure. The Lord has blessed us. As in your own case, we find the spiritual angle most important.

Writes the pastor of a fine, big Evangelical Congregational church in Pennsylvania:

You cannot imagine how thrilling and encouraging it is to a minister to hear about men like you! God needs that kind of layman just as much as He needs ministers in the work of the Church.

So thinks the minister of a little church in a little town in New York state. He needs that kind of layman, too! He writes:

I am thrilled with what you are doing for God by letting Him have His way. We preachers are often discouraged when we are sent to some churches that are dead as can be . . . I have preached and given tithes for years, and God has never failed me. But it is so hard to get some churches to wake up to God's Plan.

They are great sharers, these tithees! A deacon passes on the article to his busy minister; a funeral director, to his employees; many Sunday-school teachers to their classes; an office girl to her club members; a president of a big business to his associates; a tithe employee to the big boss. And a mother to her grown children. She writes:

For years the CHRISTIAN HERALD has been in my home, as it was in my mother's and grandmother's. The special article, "The Things That Are God's" appeals to me very much. I have written to each of our three children to read it, and practice its teachings . . . May God bless you always—and I know He will.

They tithe their dimes! Here is a letter from an 83-year-old widow who writes, "I still tithe the little allowance given us ladies each month in this Home. God has been so good to me."

And they tithe their thousands of dollars! Here is an imposing letter from the vice-president of a big gear manufacturing company. He is a tithe enthusiast, rejoicing in his partnership with God. He writes:

I believe, as you do, that tithe is not only right, but that it is also very
(Continued on page 61)

yours

ored reader who writes sadly, "The people of my race are treated inhumanely much of the time."

They come from a business firm on Fifth Avenue, and from a farm with a name sweet as clover, where they raise Holstein cattle, and sell maple sugar.

Here, the engraved notepaper of a gracious lady in Washington, D. C., rubs edges with the ruled page from the inmate of an Old Ladies' Home. And here, a sturdy, well-typed business sheet bear-

The LIGHT OF LIFE

PETER HANLEY rose from the chair in which he had been seated and walked slowly toward the window. He stood there with his hand resting against the vivid chintz draperies, his head bent slightly forward as if he were staring down into the street, four stories below. Agnes, watching him, felt a tender, almost maternal, tugging at her heartstrings. There was a pathos in the slant of her husband's shoulders that caught at her throat and made her want to swallow hard. There was an unleashed eagerness about his tilted head that caused her wrists and ankles to feel weak and helpless. She longed to say something important—and yet unimportant. She longed to speak a word of comfort but she didn't want that word to be identified as comfort. With an oddly futile gesture, she raised one hand and brushed the back of it upward from her forehead, toward the line of her hair; it was as though she smoothed away a mental cobweb . . .

But, as Peter turned from the window, he was smiling. And when he spoke his voice was level. More than that—it was casual.

"Bet it's going to snow tomorrow," he said, "personally, I think a white New Year's is more important than a white Christmas. A white Christmas is merely a matter of color contrast. The green of the tree, the red of the holly, against a spotless, pristine backdrop. But a white New Year's is symbolic—"

Agnes queried, "Symbolic, dear?"

Peter nodded. "Symbolic of a fresh page," he explained, "all ready for sentences and paragraphs and chapters . . . Not that a chapter *can* be written upon a single page!"

"It depends on the chapter," contradicted Agnes. She laughed, although she didn't much feel like laughing. "Some of the very poignant chapters can be condensed."

"I remember," said Peter, "going to a state fair when I was a youngster. There was a man there in a booth—he did engraving with the aid of a terrifically strong magnifying glass. He'd polish off a dime until it was a thin, shining disk, and then he'd engrave it

It was New Year's Eve. In a few minutes deep-throated bells would be ringing across the city—ushering in a new day that would last for three hundred and sixty-five days.

with the Ten Commandments. Naturally, you couldn't read the Commandments with the naked eye. A magnifying glass was needed for that, too! . . ." His voice dwindled off for a moment then went on again strongly:

"I took my dime to school and got a kick out of showing it to the other kids, to my teacher and to the principal. I learned the Ten Commandments, Agnes, through a magnifying glass, from a thin dime. From 'Thou shalt have no other Gods,' to 'Thou shalt not covet'."

Agnes said, speaking almost tentatively, "The 'thou shalt nots' I learned in the regular way . . . Would you like to go for a stroll, Peter?"

Peter said, "Oh, I don't think so—it's getting close to the crucial hour. The streets will be jammed . . . I like being here with you, dear. I've done a lot of strolling, through jammed places, in the past few years. It's nice being in a quiet safe room—with you."

Agnes repeated after him, "A quiet safe room." Although she tried to hold her voice steady it shook ever so slightly.

"Does this room ever seem too quiet and too safe?" she asked. "After all the things you've done, Peter, after all the places you've visited?"

Peter laughed. "Know any more jokes? Darling, don't be so serious! I can see you sitting there on the sofa with your eyes intent and your hair ruffled a little bit because you're forever brushing at it with the back of your hand . . . I can see your mouth smiling—that one-sided smile of yours, Agnes. I think you cultivated that smile to accent your one dimple! If you had two dimples you'd probably smile straight . . . I have a sudden, intense desire to kiss that dimple—"

"It's here, waiting to be kissed," said Agnes. "No, better. I'll bring it over to you."

She rose swiftly and joined her hus-

band beside the window. When she leaned against his shoulder the dimple was lost momentarily—the rough tweed of his shoulder was just dimple height. But Peter bent and his lips found the little hollow.

"You're so sweet," he said. "Last New Year's Eve when I was in the hospital I thought a lot about your dimple. There were moments when I wondered if I'd ever—kiss it again. The New Year's Eve before—I was—I think—in a foxhole. One day was like another out there—one eve was like another—but *I think I was in a foxhole.*"

Agnes gulped. "Don't talk about foxholes. The war's over."

Peter told her, "It won't ever be over as long as there are souvenirs of the war—like yours truly . . . Don't shiver, Agnes, I'm not depressed, I'm not even vaguely unhappy! I'm one of the extremely lucky guys—I've come home to the wife who loves me." His voice was suddenly anxious. "You do love me, don't you?"

Agnes told him, "More than the whole world."

Peter insisted, "The world with a ribbon tied around it?"

"With a red ribbon tied around it," said Agnes.

"Red's an exciting color," Peter mused, "I saw a red sunset once, over the Pacific. It turned the whole ocean into a scarlet lake. It was so still it was hard to realize there were submarines beneath its lustre and planes reflected in its glow . . . Once I saw a red dawn that came up above the jungle—the palm trees were etched against it in the black of India ink . . . The first flowers I ever sent you, Agnes, when we were going steady—were red roses . . . And once you had a red dress, red wool, and your lipstick just matched it."

"And my nail polish matched it, too," Agnes told him. "Give me credit for doing



Peter stood at the window with his head bent slightly forward. Agnes, watching him, felt a tender, almost maternal, tugging at her heartstrings.

a complete job." She smoothed the warmly tinted wool of her skirt with fingers that were unsteady, but which were bravely tipped with scarlet.

"I like red," Peter told her, "it's not only a third part of the American flag—it's the blood that runs through American veins. It's—" he broke off. "Listen," he commanded, "listen, Agnes!"

Agnes listened. The bells were commencing to ring across the city—the new day had arrived—the New Year had

arrived—it was the great moment. Peter Hanley bent again, but this time he didn't kiss the dimple on his wife's cheek—he kissed her full upon the mouth.

"Well," he said, "here we are, Agnes. Here we are again, greeting the future . . . The king is dead—long live the king!"

Agnes replied, "Yes . . . The king is dead—poor tired old king, with so much on his mind and his conscience. And a new king is already on his throne—it's a

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

highchair, poor baby year. I hope he doesn't topple off . . . Peter, the last year has been a pretty important one for us!"

Bells ringing—horns blowing—shouts sweeping through the city streets, in a thrilling crescendo.

Peter said, "Let's go sit on the sofa, dear—together. Let's hold hands like a pair of young lovers instead of an old married couple. Yes . . . the year gone by has been pretty important. But the next year—this year—is going to be more important. There's a task to be accomplished this year, darling. Yesterday I laid the foundation stones, but today I must start to build, really build! I hope the foundation stones are sturdy enough to bear the necessary weight."

Agnes said, with decision: "They'll be sturdy enough . . . Think of it, Peter—you've just said, yourself, that you were in a military hospital last New Year's Eve. It's less than a year since you were discharged from the hospital; discharged and sent back to civilian life."

"With my old job an impossibility," said Peter. "With a fresh job to be done." All at once his voice trembled.

"I was mad about the old job," he said. "Being an architect—making drawings that would become actual structures, Agnes, is a thrilling occupation. First the plans, such minute plans!"

"But not," Agnes reminded him, "as minute as the Ten Commandments on the silver surface of a dime."

"No," Peter agreed, "I didn't have to work through a magnifying glass, but I'd sit at my board for hours, making meticulous little lines. Everything to scale—everything measured. That's why I wear this crease between my eyebrows, Agnes. I had to squint my eyes to keep them in focus."

Agnes whispered, "Don't," but the whisper was so low that Peter might have mistaken it for a sigh. She said aloud, "That crease between your eyes is my dimple! I'll kiss it. It's my turn."

Peter lowered his head obligingly. He felt his wife's lips pressed against the crease that was his badge of hard, concentrated work. He said: "Your lips are quivering. No reason to be sad, honey. I'm still making meticulous drawings to scale—but I'm using a different medium . . . My club started with three ex-servicemen. And now it has an attendance of forty-five. All in the same boat."

"And you're getting marvelous people to lecture," Agnes said. "And there's your Sunday-school class, Peter—"

"Passengers—recruited from hither and yon," Peter said, "for our common boat! They're going to give us a special meeting room."

The telephone bell was ringing. For a moment, just a moment, it joined the medley which drifted up from the street

"Always," said Agnes in her heart. She said aloud, "No—no, Peter, dear." She spoke into the transmitter, "I understand exactly how you feel. Yes, sometimes it's hard to say the thing that's in your soul to the person who's responsible for translating that thing into words . . . Yes, indeed I do understand." She listened for a third long moment, during which Peter could hear the echo of

"He hadn't any hope—he had no faith."

"He wanted to kill himself," said Peter, "because he couldn't paint the great picture he'd always planned to paint."

"The best laid plans of mice and men—" Agnes quoted.

"Sometimes become better plans," Peter amended the quotation. "A man only plans to build a building, or paint a picture—a mouse only wants to gain the cheese and avoid the trap . . . What did Lester have to say for himself?"

Agnes repeated, "His main desire was to thank you for giving color back to him, for giving vision back to him. He wanted to wish you a happy New Year . . . Color and vision, Peter—they're more important than meticulous lines drawn to scale."

"You're right," agreed Peter.

Agnes Hanley's eyes were brimming over, almost—not quite. She wanted to brush the hair back from her forehead, but her hands were occupied. Her husband was holding both of them but—as if he were aware of her wish—he raised them to his own forehead and pressed them there and then released them. And Agnes knew that their touch had brushed something intangible away. That was why she said, very quietly, "Peter, I'd like to read something from the Bible at this moment. I feel that it's fitting, at this special moment, to read something from His Holy Word. That's the way to usher in the New Year."

Peter said, "Let me do the reading." He rose and walked unhesitatingly to the table on the far side of the room. A couple of chairs were in his path—the club chair that he and Agnes had bought the week after they returned from their honeymoon, when they were furnishing their first apartment. They bought it because it was big enough to hold both of them at once! The fragile chair, with slim graceful legs and brocade seat—that was an heirloom. They were in Peter's path, but he avoided them skillfully as he made his way to the table.

Two Bibles lay on the table together. The small one that belonged to Agnes—with her name printed in gilt upon the cover—his own, a much larger one. He opened his Bible to the New Testament and standing erect, like a minister in a pulpit, he read from the eighth chapter of John, the twelfth verse:

Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Agnes, watching, felt no desire to cry. Not now. The tears had been tucked away in a spiritual Pandora's box. Her lips smiled, one-sidedly, pointing arrow-like to the dimple that had stayed with Peter during the years of war . . . She watched proudly as her husband's fingers moved across the surface of the page from which he read—moved with unerring reverent speed—for his Bible was printed in Braille.



New Year's Prayer

*God grant to us the gift of songs
Upon this New Year's Day—
The gift of lilting lovely lines,
That cannot die away
Though other sounds would drown them out,
Though tumult tries to bind them—
God grant to us the gift of songs—
Placed where our need may find them!*

*God grant to us the gift of faith,
As New Year's Day is waking—
For faith will mend a heart though it
Be very close to breaking!
God grant to us a gift of hope,
That is alive to bless us
When fate has tried to ambush us,
To thwart us and outguess us!*

*God grant to us the gift of sight,
So that we need not stumble
Along the road that we shall choose—
Let us be proudly humble,
Before the glory of the year—
Let light and life surround us,
Let color tint each lonely hour—
Because your grace has found us!*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

below. New Year's bells—horns blowing! The telephone bell was the smallest part of the orchestra.

Agnes hesitated and then she said, "I'll answer it," and rose and went swiftly to the telephone stand. She lifted the receiver from the hook, said, "This is the Hanley residence, Mrs. Hanley speaking." She listened with rapt face. "Oh, he'll be terribly glad to hear it," she said, finally, and hesitated for another long moment. "Do you care to speak to him?"

"Me?" said Peter. "You want me—?"

muffled sounds coming from the other end of the wire, and then she said, "I can't thank you enough for calling. Happy New Year to you—happy this New Year and many other happy New Years—a whole chain of them." She replaced the receiver on the hook with fingers that trembled and returned to her husband's side, and when he asked, "Who was that?" she said, "Lester Balantine. Remember him?"

"Do it" nodded Peter, and waited.

"He was one of the first, and one of the most discouraged," Agnes said softly.



Christmas snow falls lightly on an Old World church.

Tea-Time Chat

By MARTHA TODD

SINCE Christmas festivals are not confined to one day either in this country or in other countries, this chat will serve to spread the holiday spirit. Picking up where we left off in December in our look at Christmas customs in foreign countries, let's go to Denmark. There on Christmas Eve the main dinner is served at six in the evening and the menu starts with *risengrod* which is a rice dish cooked in milk with an almond hiding in it—a prize in two ways for the finder of the almond not only has the distinction of being the only one to eat it but also is given a present. He has one responsibility and that is not to tell anyone else he's found it until everyone has eaten his rice, else it may be left uneaten to allow room for the rest of the delicious dinner.

The main course boasts a roasted goose, stuffed with prunes and apples, then sugar-brown potatoes, red cabbage, currant jelly. For dessert there is applecake covered with whipped cream, all kinds of fruits and nuts. After dinner the family goes into the living room where the Christmas tree is. The Yule-tide festival would not be complete without the caroling which follows and the *Julenissen* who leaves a bag of toys for the children.

Sweden features periods of cleaning

and scouring, polishing and brightening as its preview to the Christmas festival. Much handwork has been done by all the members of the family as only a gift made by hand is worthy of giving. On Christmas Eve the now familiar rice porridge is served but first comes *smörgasbord*, that unique collection of delicious appetizers. At Christmastime it's even more elaborate with special kinds of cheeses, anchovies, salads, herring, spiced fish and caviar. Next to be served is the traditional *lutfisk*. This is prepared in an unusual way. It's dried cod and it's buried for days in wood ashes, then it's boiled in a cloth and served with a milk gravy.

Julgröt is the rice porridge I mentioned above and in it is hidden the almond. But in Sweden the almond signifies that the finder is the next one to be married. On Christmas Day the feasting continues and the main dish at dinner is roast pig with its garnish of an apple, or goose is served, or in some families they serve both. Instead of mince pie for dessert, there are little puff pastries made in the form of conch shells filled with preserve, often made of berries which grow only within the Arctic Circle. The taste of these berries is said to be a cross between a raspberry and a strawberry. Then the carefully prepared

Christmas cookies make their appearance and of course every house is well stocked with them and they're shared with all those who come to call.

Well our list so far has included countries with whose habits you are in part familiar, so let's travel a bit to the north as long as we're in Scandinavia. Far north we come to the land of the Lapps. In their cold benighted country as Christmas approaches each wandering tribe heads toward the nearest settlement containing a church. The Lapps are apparently joyless individuals and even the coming of Christmas does little to change their expression. They seem absolutely devoid of the power of amusement. There are no games, no music. The best homes are small, low and poorly ventilated. Were you to visit them you would immediately become conscious of the lack of windows. But then what good are windows in a country where darkness covers the earth for such long periods of time and where for two months of the year the sun does not rise?

At Christmastime the houses are full of wandering guests so there is no room for a tree or Christmas decorations. Christmas Eve passes unnoticed. There is no Santa Claus, no wreaths, no gifts. Dinner consists of reindeer meat but then that isn't special either for that is their chief source of meat. There's not even a plum pudding to relieve the dreary scene. What then marks Christmas as a special time are: transaction of Government business, getting married, christening the children, burying the dead whose bodies have lain under a thin covering of snow awaiting the annual visit of the Norwegian clergyman. Not a very happy picture when compared with any other nation, but the contrast is greater when compared to their nearest neighbor, the Norwegians.

Going over the snow to Russia we find little in the way of the traditional Russian Christmas now. It will be interesting to see what changes will take place in the future. At present there are signs which indicate a return to the "faith and perhaps the practices of the fathers." Looking at a pre-revolutionary Christmas, caroling and singing processions were an outstanding feature.

Music and song means much to the Russians, which is unusual for we think of those qualities as the attributes of people of warmer climates. Used were the old sacrificial songs which come down from heathen days—a definite contrast to the songs we would consider appropriate. These songs were changed a bit attributing Christian virtues to the old Russian gods and goddesses so that they were sung with great religious fervor. In the procession the dignitaries of the church were to be found, in fact, they were at the head and they begged for money or presents as they wended their way through the streets.

A Russian custom which appealed to
(Continued on page 48)

Flying Doctors of THE OUTBACK

By EDWIN MULLER

WITH Dr. Jack Woods, a member of Australia's Flying Doctor Service, I went out on a round of calls. Before we started I asked him how large an area his practice covered.

"Not quite as large as that of some of my colleagues. About 400,000 square miles."

That is as if one doctor were to serve Pennsylvania, New York State, all of New England and a good-sized chunk of Canada.

Australian bush, the "outback," seems far more vast and empty than our own western plains. No roads or railroads, no high mountains. A tiny cluster of houses marks a sheep station, then mile after mile of empty burnt-red expanse.

We flew at under a thousand feet, the better to find our way. In some scrubby brush the plane stamped a pair of kangaroos. They went bounding off, like jerky mechanical toys. The country grew drier—long stretches of bare sand, then some stunted bushes. An occasional stream wound along sluggishly, finally dwindled and vanished in the sand.

The patient we were to visit first had been reported to the doctor three days earlier while he was hundreds of miles away on another case. By radio he had

turned out to be a pair of long under-drawers.

Woolcock flew back and forth studying the landing surface. To me it looked as if the manager had been optimistic in saying that he could drive a car over it at 20 miles an hour. But it wasn't as bad a bump as I'd braced myself for.

While the doctor was with his patient I talked with the manager's wife. We sat in the parlor, a homelike frontier room.

She talked quietly of the time when there hadn't been any Flying Doctors or two-way radios, and gradually I got a feeling of the terrible loneliness and dread that was the life of a woman in the outback twenty years ago.

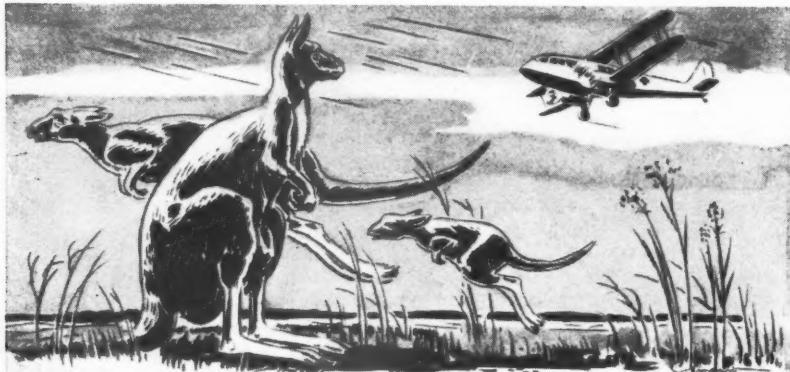
In this woman's family there had been just her husband and herself and three or four sheep hands. Once she had gone twelve months without seeing another woman. Hanging over her was the constant fear of sickness or accident. Later I saw a small grave near the house—their only child who needn't have died if there had been medical help.

Our next call was seventy-five miles away—a child with a rash and fever that the doctor didn't want to diagnose at long range. There were three other children in the family. They all came to meet us. Doc had brought a doll, a toy gun and a bag of candy, and I could see that he was a big event in their lives.

We had interrupted the school period. Of course the children of the outback can't go to regular schools. They must be taught by their mothers, with the help of a government program which combines radio talks and correspondence courses. Nowadays the mail truck calls at the stations almost every week—when it doesn't bog or break down in the trackless desert.

We spent that night at Tibooburra, which has eighty-six inhabitants and is the only town within several days' journey by car. It has a small hospital and two resident nurses. These girls have to know a lot more than the ordinary nurse. They must be able to deliver a baby, perform a minor operation. In more serious emergency cases they get in radio communication with the doctor, wherever he may be, describe the difficulty and he tells them step by step what to do.

We completed our round of calls and



At the Broken Hill airbase with his pilot, Woolcock, at his elbow, Woods talked by radio with the manager of the sheep station where our first patient lived. It was 200 miles away, 20 miles from the nearest neighbor. The doctor had never been there before and he was inquiring about landing conditions:

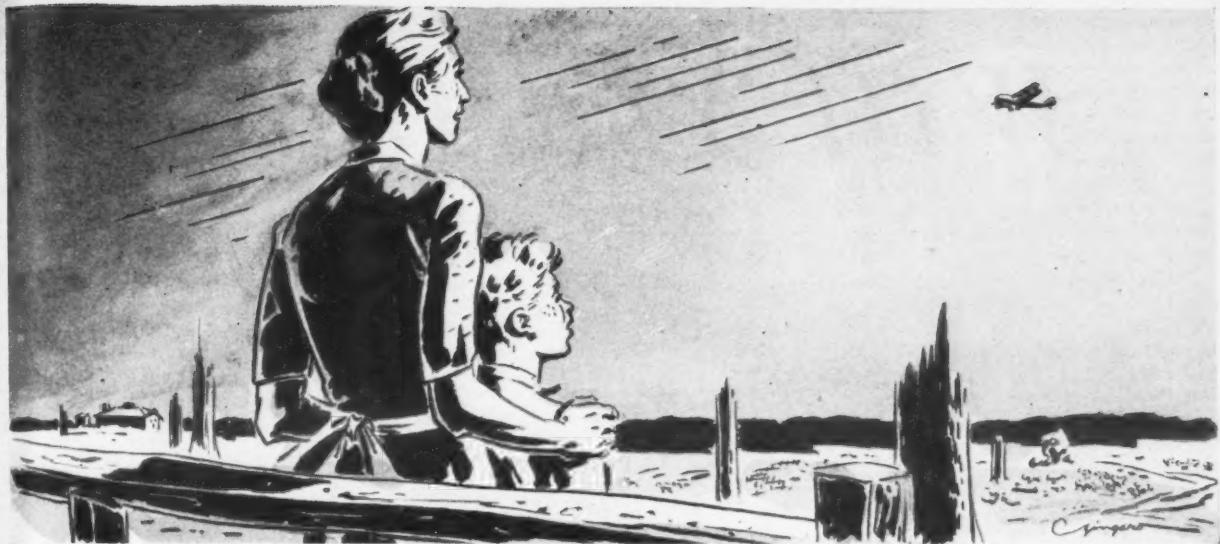
"Have you a level stretch 200 yards long? . . . Is it smooth enough to drive a car at 20 miles an hour? . . . Are there any trees close by? . . . All right—expect us in two hours. And be sure to put up something to give us the wind direction."

The plane was an ancient de Havilland "Dragon." The three of us and the ambulance stretcher just about filled it. Ten minutes out of Broken Hill we were over the wilderness. The Aus-

tralian bush, the "outback," seems far more vast and empty than our own western plains. No roads or railroads, no high mountains. A tiny cluster of houses marks a sheep station, then mile after mile of empty burnt-red expanse.

We flew at under a thousand feet, the better to find our way. In some scrubby brush the plane stamped a pair of kangaroos. They went bounding off, like jerky mechanical toys. The country grew drier—long stretches of bare sand, then some stunted bushes. An occasional stream wound along sluggishly, finally dwindled and vanished in the sand.

The patient we were to visit first had been reported to the doctor three days earlier while he was hundreds of miles away on another case. By radio he had



got back to Broken Hill the third night, having flown something over 1000 miles. A good suburban run, Woolcock facetiously called it.

I had supper with the doctor's family. His wife told me that Jack had taken the job for one year and had now been on it for seven. Her only complaint was that Jack would never take the annual vacation to which he was entitled. Whenever the time for it came around he would put it off. Afraid he would miss something, she said.

He was going to take the next day off, however, and go with me to a football game. But early in the morning came an urgent call from a cattle station 500 miles away. A drover had been thrown from his horse and dragged by the stirrup. It looked like a skull fracture.

Half an hour later I saw the little plane rise, circle and head off across the great outback.

considerable numbers of civilized people so cut off from their kind. Half of Australia's 7,000,000 live in the big cities of the coast, most of the others along the coastal farming belt and mines. But some scores of thousands of white settlers inhabit the near-desert, the vast sheep and cattle country of the inland, where they are lucky if they have a neighbor within half a day's journey. In the outback of Northern Australia there is an average of one white inhabitant per 180 square miles. Under desert travel conditions it might take you a week to reach your nearest neighbor. And there's no phone.

The Flying Doctor Service was the idea and the creation of a missionary, the Reverend Dr. John Flynn of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. Flynn has devoted his long life to helping the isolated pioneers of the outback.

John Flynn went from station to sta-

women: a woman expecting childbirth and with young children that need her care; a wife who finds her husband fallen from his horse, unconscious and bleeding, no doctor within a week's travel. He heard some horrible stories. A husband and wife, with children all under six years and no other adult on the place. The man had to go off on the cattle run on a trip that would take several weeks. The day after he left the wife fell sick . . . grew worse . . . and died . . .

Thirty years ago John Flynn began to plan and work for a visiting doctor service. He toured the cities, talked with government officials, with wealthy people who might give money. He begged unremittingly and slowly began to get promises of support.

But financing was only one problem. Two physical obstacles stumped him for years: a way to transport the doctor to the patient, and a way for the patient to call the doctor. The plane promised to solve the first. But there seemed to be no answer to the second.

In the early 1920's radio was still an infant science. Flynn put his problem up to radio manufacturers and engineers in America, in England. He told them he had to have a transmitting and receiving set generating its own power, "so moderate in price that an outback settler could afford it, so reliable that servicing would be needed only once a year, so simple that it could be operated by a stockman's wife or children."

They all told him that it was quite impossible.

A young Australian radio engineer, Alf Traeger, finally helped Flynn to turn the trick. The Traeger Transceiver set was evolved. It is still on the job, with some improvements—the most valued possession of the pioneer family of the outback. You'd give up your bed or the

(Continued on page 50)



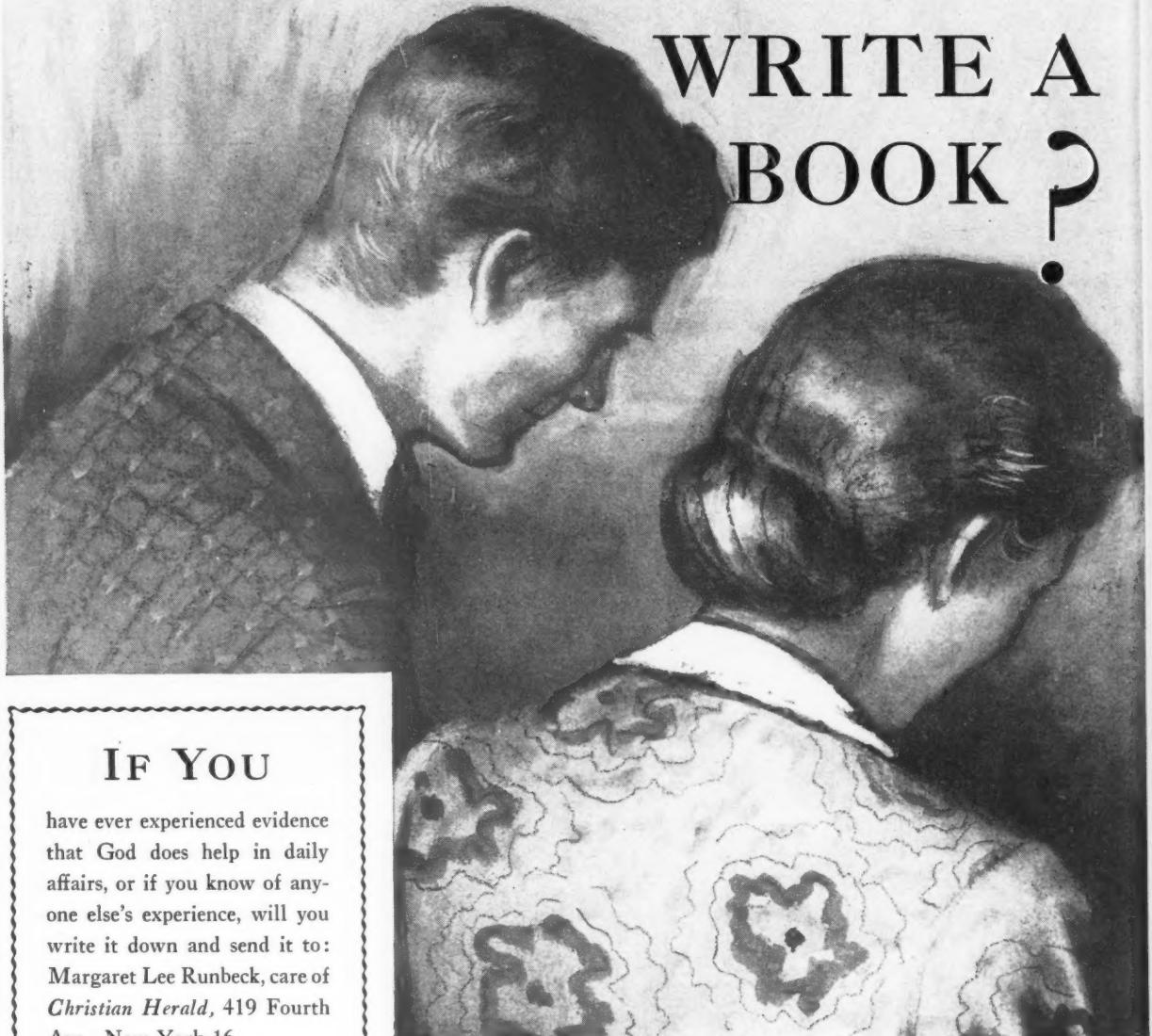
Jack Woods is one of seven doctors who comprise the Flying Doctor Service. They serve about nine-tenths of the total area of Australia, a continent approximately the size of the United States.

Nowhere on the globe, perhaps, are

tion caring for the sick and cheering the discouraged. He traveled by buckboard or camel, digging through drifted sand, battling through blinding duststorms.

He became obsessed with the grim problems of the settlers, especially the

Will You Help WRITE A BOOK ?



IF YOU

have ever experienced evidence that God does help in daily affairs, or if you know of anyone else's experience, will you write it down and send it to: Margaret Lee Runbeck, care of *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16.

All that matters is honesty and sincerity. Tell the story any way you please. *But tell it!*

DURING these days of holidays and giving, all of us feel a sad helplessness because we cannot give something which might lift the down-bent heart of humanity. The small, affectionate gifts to family and friends are good; but they are not big enough to satisfy our real yearning to help. For, though the time we all worked and waited for is here, the world is sicker

"But God is just as near at this moment as He was at the Red Sea, in Galilee or at Dunkerque."

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

and poorer and more in need of help than ever. And no amount of busy-ness or gaiety will make us forget that.

This is that post-war world, in whose name so much was promised. The foxholes . . . the ones dug in men's souls as well as those along the beaches . . . are nearly erased now; warships are in home port, and fighter planes stand idle on the ground. The boys who lately

lived in the midst of horrible and wonderful escapes have come home. The lightning stab of faith which illuminated the foxholes has been put away with the battle ribbons. That life-or-death danger which stripped off superficiality and left only prayer, is not a comfortable reality to remember in a safe house where people are fuming pettily about bacon or no bacon.

When you watch these quiet, gallant boys trying to fit into the distorted civilian picture, you cannot help knowing how tragic is their confusion and despair. Little more than a year ago we would have given anything to have them come home to us. They are here now, and their presence is sometimes an unwelcome rebuke. There is something ludicrous (but not laughable!) in a world, that a few months ago was sleepless with worry about the safety of its men being now consumed with concern about trifles.

The humiliation of small and petty feelings where once great emotions were, is the unacknowledged shame upon all of us today. The grandeur has gone out of us and we are stunned and heartsick about it.

Yes, the war is over. And so, it sometimes seems, is the sobriety of thinking, the earnestness and idealism. And so, you might almost believe, is the drawing near to God that He may be near to us. You do not hear about prayer as once you heard on every side; you do not read about it in the newspapers as once you read.

"We'd give anything if only we could help," we cry within ourselves. But we feel powerless. Our gifts are too small and unimportant to matter in this time of crisis. What the world needs . . .

But here we must stop. For what the world needs right now is what we uniquely have, we Christians. Our faith in God, and evidence of that faith in serene and balanced and effective living. The only thing which can help this baffled world now is a resurgence of what we have, magnified and proclaimed visibly.

The world is dying, going mad before our eyes for want of the very things which we know can make a man . . . or a world . . . whole again. Faith in God and hence faith in goodness, and in the victorious outcome of goodness. Jesus said, "Your faith hath made you whole." A world which has lost its faith is like a man who has lost an arm. There are some deeds which can be done only by faith, and a world without faith is crippled indeed. And faith must have its evidence in works.

"But how can we give that evidence?" we ask. "We can't get up on a witness stand and defend our faith, the way we would a neighbor who was being attacked in a court of law."

Yes, we can do that. We can and we must. We must "give every man a reason for the hope that is in us." We must defend it by our deeds and our words, desperately and earnestly. For man himself is on trial now, for his very life.

But we, who love mankind best because we love God who made him, must rise in his defense. There are many ways of testifying in faith's behalf. You yourself, I know, are quick to seize those ways.

But I am urging you this day to join me in one more testimony. I am laying

aside all other work so that I may offer this testimony immediately, and I ask your help.

During the war I wrote a book called "The Great Answer." In it were told a score of stories about men and women, and some children, who turned to God in an extremity of danger brought about by the war. In remarkable and dramatic ways, these persons were led out of danger by the very hand of God. There were miraculous rescues at sea, the passage over snow-locked mountains, when nothing but God Himself could have kept old people alive; there were safe landings of shot-up airplanes, and the multiple-miracle at Dunkirk. There was no dearth of miracles in this war. Even the most unbelieving had to admit they happened.

But when the war ends, what becomes of the miracles? Do they end also? Is God a help only in extremity, when all else has failed? Or is He ever at hand, in the small need as well as the great? Does God protect in the schoolroom and the office, the trolley and the kitchen, as well as on battlefield and in submarine?

We know the answer to these questions, many of us. We know that if there seems to be greater "answer" in war than in peace, it is only because need is greater and faith is greater then.



The child, within a few hours, was well. And the former atheist is now a devout Bible student.

But God is just as near at this moment as He was in Galilee, or Dunkirk, or at the Red Sea.

I believe, and I think you must, that prayer is just as efficacious now as it ever was. I believe that for those who pray without ceasing, there is, as a soldier wrote me from the Pacific, "answer without ceasing."

That is what I propose to name the new book: "Answer Without Ceasing." It is in this book that I am asking you

to participate. Will you write me a letter and tell me some experience which showed that God heard your prayer, and answered? It does not matter how simply you write it; nothing matters except the truth. Tell it as fully as you know how. The more "everyday" it is, the more helpful it will be to the world which is seeking God for everyday living. You do your part, and I will do mine, that together we may testify that prayer and religion "work" when we work.

After "The Great Answer" was published, dozens of new wartime stories came to me from strangers. They proved over and over the same wonderful fact, that God does not go back on such promises as these: "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is; which keepeth truth for ever; which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous; the Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow."

Yes, God is the strongest power on earth, when men choose to live by that power. The war in thousands of instances proved it.

But can we allow those disillusioned men who have come home to a broken world to believe that only in times of war are God's promises kept? That only upon battlefields are prayers answered?

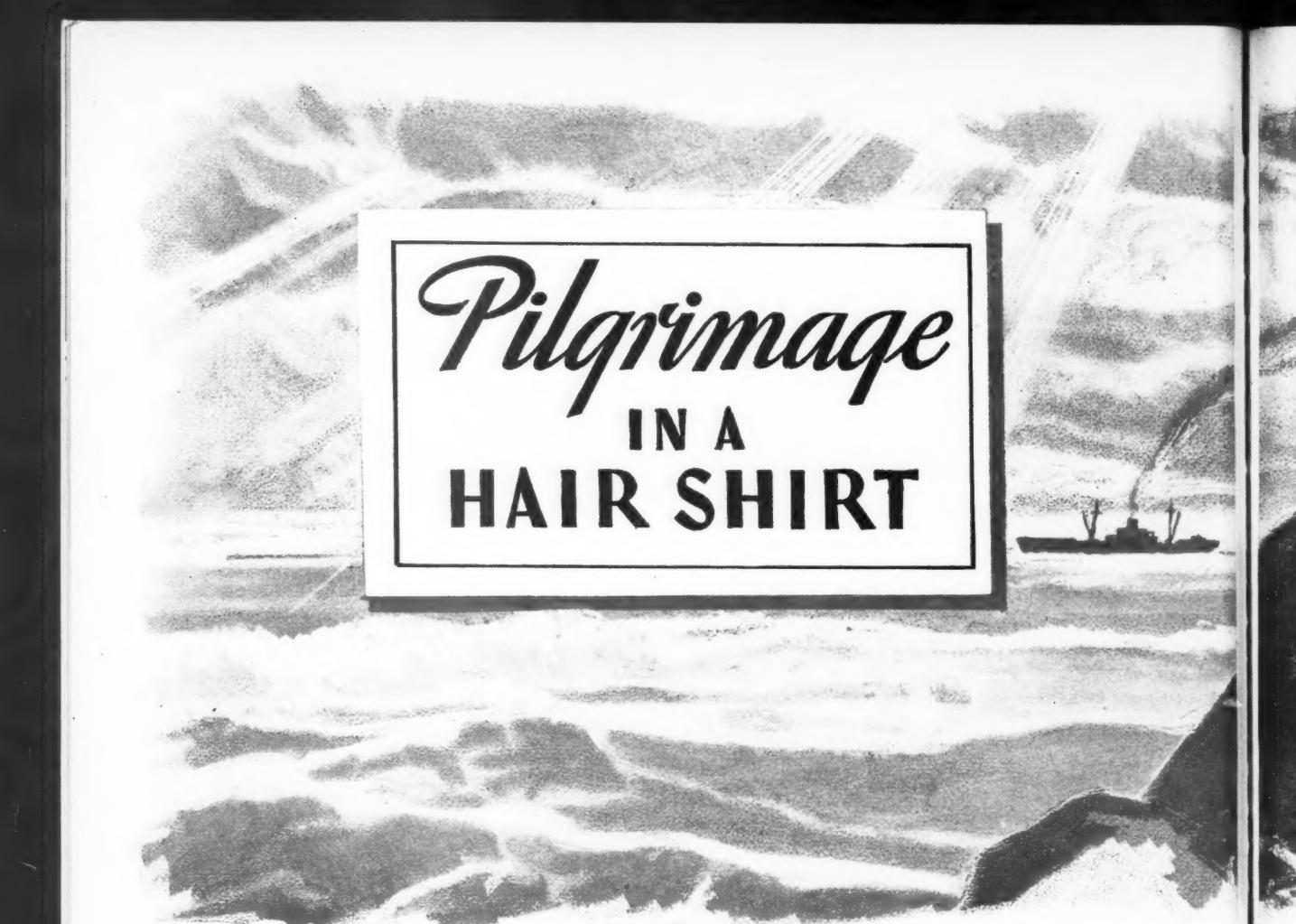
Recently a stranger drove several hundred miles to tell me of a peacetime "miracle." An elderly man was dying and one of his last requests was that a friend be called to his bedside. When this woman arrived, he gave her a worn copy of "The Great Answer" and asked her to take it to an address in another city.

The woman got on a train during the next few days, and took the book to the address which had been given to her. She found when she arrived at the place, that the man to whom she was carrying the book, was a lawyer in a luxurious suite of offices. The attorney, naturally, was sad to hear of his old friend's death and was touched by the fact that he had sent the shabby gift. But just as the woman was leaving his office, he opened the book and glanced down at a paragraph.

"There must be some mistake," he said. "This looks like a book about religion . . . my friend knew that I am an atheist."

The woman, somewhat uncomfortable, said, "Well, I know nothing about that, of course. I've only done what he asked me to do."

The lawyer laid the book down, and went back to his work, thinking that his elderly friend had no doubt become eccentric during his last hours. He intended to forget (*Continued on page 49*)



Pilgrimage IN A HAIR SHIRT

By ERNEST
FARRER

TO CELEBRATE my fiftieth birthday, I signed up to conduct a bevy of hopeful heifers to Greece. My son-in-law agreed to go along, partly because he shared my peculiar conviction and partly because his wife and mother-in-law suspected I might need some help to get home. Together we collected several sizable packages of scarce materials which we were sure would be eagerly accepted by a needy country.

The heifers turned out to be horses; we took them to Poland instead of Greece, and we were compelled actually to smuggle our gifts into the country. But it was a great celebration!

For a month I lived on a ship that was clean only where the paint smeared on over its grime was drying. I slept on one of thirty bunks in a room about thirty feet by fifteen with four small portholes kept tightly closed except in the hottest weather. The only clean clothes I had were those I washed for myself. The only calluses I began with were those on my palms, gained from gripping the steering wheel too hard, but I broke and scattered six or eight

bales of hay daily, watered and salted and fed forty horses in cramped and cluttered quarters, and performed other related functions, which seemed endless. I became aware of muscles I never knew before existed as they stiffened and crackled, and joints which had operated practically without complaint for a half century suddenly declared a sit-down strike. Most of the horses had colds in the nose and they came to love me so, they always snorted with joy when I came near.

It wasn't what, under ordinary circumstances, you'd call a pleasure trip, and yet I'd like to do it again. Maybe if I tell you about it, you'll want to do it yourself. I recommend it.

* * *

Although I signed up with the Service Committee of the Brethren Church, the trip wasn't made in a religious atmosphere. One of the ship's officers confessed his belief that only men who had some special reason for not living on shore (like having sheriffs looking for you) ever took to the sea. Of course, that's a libel on seamen, but there was

some evidence. The boatswain ("bos'n," of course) was a particularly rough-and-ready person and his monotonous vulgarities were like a steady off-beat to the drone of the ship's engine. About half the crew of "cattlemen" (that's what we were even though the cattle were horses) were lads off the streets of the port we sailed from; they could find no other jobs and were eager to take full advantage of the opportunities they had been told were offered by the black market in Poland. One of them was openly boastful of a long and lurid record in reform schools. Several nights were made hideous with drunken brawls. Bits of personal property had a strange way of disappearing when not under lock and key.

We were not without spots of excitement. The baker took a couple of shots at a cook. The offender was put in irons for a day or two, until we ran out of bread; then he was restored to favor. We picked up the distress signal of the *American Farmer*, and our captain decided not to go. Later he discovered how rich a prize it was and that we might have made the salvage. He seemed quite unhappy about it. Even the cattlemen would have shared in the salvage.

Four of our boys were arrested for smuggling in Poland and nearly left imprisoned there when the ship sailed.



with illicit traders. They wanted to buy cigarettes for Polish money or to trade them for cameras, knives, revolvers, binoculars, and a variety of country fair premiums. It was a trade carried on under the noses (and doubtless under the careful supervision) of the Polish customs authorities. There was an officer on duty at the gangplank all the time to see that nothing was taken ashore—by the crew members.

Don and I weren't interested in the black market. We had about two hundred dollars worth of stuff—clothing, shoes, needles, thread, combs, coffee, toys—that we were anxious to deliver where it would be the most useful. We discovered that we couldn't take it off the ship without a great deal of legal redtape—and several well-devised opportunities to share what we had with the officials. We went to Danzig and then to Gdynia to find someone in authority who could advise us what to do with what we had.

In Gdynia, we found the headquarters of the UNRRA, big buildings and lots of people. We were directed to an American who could tell us just what we wanted to know. Speaking with a decided British accent, this American, when we found him, said that we must not think he was trying to give us the old run-around but there was another American who could *really* tell us. He sent us with a Pole who knew six English words and who promptly lost us and himself. We located another Pole who knew more than twice as much English. After trying hard to send us on to someone else, he settled down to help us—after one of his assistants had asked if we would be interested in buying his Leica camera. His name was Wolowski, but he always began a phone conversation by saying, "This is Charlie."

Charlie finally located a *Caritas* society that would be glad to take responsibility for distributing our things. They would be most happy to send a truck for the packages and let us share in the distribution. We went with our Polish friend to see Rev. Jastok and the other good people of *Caritas*. They showed us their long lists of needy people. They welcomed our eagerness to take moving pictures and promised complete cooperation. We told them what we had and they began to plan for its distribution the next morning.

Next morning we couldn't leave the ship, but we did manage to get our stuff into the hands of the representatives of *Caritas*. The ship was scheduled to sail at 9 A.M. but didn't leave until 5 P.M. Our Polish friends took the responsibility of getting most of the stuff through the customs. We supplied a letter from the captain of our ship certifying that the stuff was really a gift. It took them about two hours. But we wanted to send some special personal gifts to Rev. Jastok. That hadn't been covered in the letter. The custom's officer took a very dim

view of our interest in the Polish clergy. I'm certain that a package of coffee or soap would have brightened his outlook, but two of the sailors tucked our gifts into their clothes and took them off for our friends. We didn't get the pictures, but Rev. Jastok is going to take some and send them to us—we hope.

We didn't learn enough about Poland to write any books on the political and economic situation. We saw only a dozen or so Russian soldiers and only one building occupied by Russians. We ate only one meal in Poland and traded only briefly in a few stores. So we don't qualify even as tourists. I suppose that if I hadn't gone, some younger and better qualified chap would have taken care of my forty horses, and he might not have lost the two that died under my ministrations. Or maybe he would have lost more. But going did something to me!

* * *

We saw the Polish people. We saw the terrible devastation in the heart of their beautiful city of Danzig—*Gdansk*, they call it. We saw their faces. Their faces are drawn and gray. They have no soap and their clothes are gray, too. They have no shoes. One of the men who unloaded the horses wore carpet slippers. I saw children who looked to be five or six and, when I asked in halting high-school German, I discovered they were ten or twelve years old. The children don't smile. Even when we gave them gum, they didn't smile. Even when we bought tiny cones from the Polish equivalent of the "Good Humor" man, they didn't smile, but just looked a bit brighter-eyed as they cautiously licked the thin stuff they call ice-cream. Only when we gave two or three of them rubber balls did they smile. I wish we had taken more rubber balls.

The children don't have any toys. I saw one lad popping caps like those we used to use in cap pistols; he just had the caps and shot them off between two stones. I saw another lad with a paper windmill he had fashioned out of a letter. Those were the only toys I saw in Poland.

I wouldn't say I feel easy about any of these things. But when I think about them, it gives me a grim kind of comfort to know that I at least accepted some minor discomforts to make things different for them.

I remember hearing someone say that we will never earn peace until we are willing to accept voluntarily such hardships as we are compelled by war to accept. I thought of that one night in the Baltic Sea when we were lost and feeling our way delicately through a minefield. The regular crew got an extra two-fifty a day in wages for the six days that we were in the mined areas. I thought of the many men who had been compelled to leave their homes and their soft ways of life for purposes of destruction. It was a time when the

(Continued on page 66)

We had several stowaways discovered before we finally sailed for home—and one who made it all the way to New York. Six days we were in mined waters where only a narrow channel was at all safe and there was a double watch for loose mines. One night, in these mined waters we were lost for six hours.

But there were moments of sheer delight. Flying fish sailed like dragon flies off the bow. Schools of dolphins raced with us and played tag. The lands on either side the Keil Canal are sheer rustic paradise—except where the bombs have fallen, and except where you can see the children are hungry.

There were not many to share our concern. One of the veterinarians said everyone he knew connected with the enterprise was in it for the quick and large cash return. He was getting fifteen dollars a day. The other "vet" was reputed to have cleared a thousand dollars above his pay in various ways, particularly in black marketeering. One lad had ninety cartons of cigarettes for the black market. He wanted a four-hundred-dollar accordion, a three-hundred-dollar camera and some other knick-knacks.

When we reached Poland, the worst elements of the country were those first manifest. Before the gangplank was more than down, the ship was infested

No Land is FREE

PART III

ANDY and Dave went to New-
castle that morning. Andy sold
the car and bought a pair of medium-
sized mules, which appeared to be well
broken and in good condition. He bought
a secondhand wagon and harness for the
mules. He bought two turning plows,
another ax, a crosscut saw, a mattock,
some barbed wire and a few other items.

The hardware merchant serving him
was very pleasant. "You're new in our
section, aren't you?" he asked. "Haven't
seen you before."

"Just moved down here," Andy told
him. "I'm homesteading out west of
town."

"Oh, I see," the merchant said slowly,
studying Andy with interest. "You seem
to know a lot about hardware."

Andy laughed softly. "I've spent a
good many years selling it for Jaynes'
Hardware, up at Harbisonville. I ought
to know hardware."

"I know Mr. Jaynes," the merchant
said. "I'm Watson Bird."

"I'm Andy Ives, and this is my boy,
Dave."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Ives." He
looked around to see that no other cus-
tomers were within hearing. "Well, let
me give you a little hint, even though
you haven't asked for it: Be careful out
there where you've homesteaded. Be
very careful about everything."

"I always try to be careful," Andy
told him. "What's on your mind?"

"In the first place, you're not like the
general run of the homesteaders, and
that may put you in bad with them. In
the second place, all the homesteaders
are rather disliked by the people of New-

castle, especially a certain element here."

"I think I know the ones you mean,"
Andy said. "I've heard some things."

"Good! Then you'll watch out, Ives.
If you happen to need any credit, come
to me. I like your cut."

"Thank you, Mr. Bird," Andy said
gratefully. "But I hope to keep things
on a cash basis. Credit scares me; it gets
out of hand sometimes."

"You talk like a man who pays his
debts," Mr. Bird said, pleased. "And re-
member, my offer stands."

As they drove homeward in the rat-
tling wagon, loaded with their purchases,
which included also feed for the mules
and provisions for the kitchen, Andy
and Dave felt that this was really the
beginning. In a sense, the car had been
their last remaining link with town life,
and now it was gone and they were being
pulled homeward by mules. They
rode in silence for about two miles, each
sensing the thoughts of the other.

When they turned off the highway
onto the gravel road and drew near the
fork of woods road that led out to the
cabin, they heard hounds out ahead of
them. It sounded like a large pack on
a hot chase.

"Not far from our place," Dave
guessed.

"The deer are having a hard day,"
said Andy. "Poor critters!"

A heavy-gauge gun "bulloomed!"
then, but the hounds continued their
chase, going southeast.

"He missed," said Andy. "That shot
sounded pretty close to our house."

Then the faint crack of a rifle. It
sounded like Mr. Flipp's squirrel weapon.

By W. T.
PERSON

Synopsis:

ANDY IVES, tired of working for someone else for twenty unproductive years, decides to gain independence for himself and wife, KATE, and their two children, HOPE and DAVE, by taking up some "homestead" land in southern Arkansas. It's a radical move, but behind it is the singing pioneer spirit that made America great. Especially pleased with the project is GRANNY CRAIG, Andy's adventurous and brittle-tongued mother-in-law, who enthusiastically dubs it, "The emancipation of Andrew Ives." Andy's wife, however, is not so sure . . . Bag and baggage, the twentieth-century pioneers arrive—to find their new home a broken-down shack in a swampy wilderness. They move in, dreaming big plans, but scarcely aware of the hardships, from natural and human causes, that await them. First to greet them as neighbors are two strange but friendly characters: ABSOLOM FLIPP, backwoods philosopher, and EMERSON ELIOT, a bookish old recluse. Other homesteaders, including HARLEY and BIRDIE WEBSTER, drop in to offer help, adding the warning that one SID FLANAGAN and the county politicos are likely to make trouble, for they hate the homesteaders for settling on their hunting and roosting grounds. That night a party of drunken hunters arrive, denouncing Ives and all "donors" as "a blasted nuisance," and threatening trouble. Andy, incensed, drives them off his land. Now go on with the story.



When they came around the growth
and in sight of the cabin, they saw Mr.
Eliot's decrepit roadster parked against
the sapling he used for supplementary
brakes.

The door opened and Kate appeared,
very straight, very white, very angry.
Andy's eyes were on Kate's white face.

"What's the matter, honey?" he
called. "Come on out and look at the
team and the things we've bought."

Kate came out, walked fast toward
the wagon. Granny, looking equally as
angry, replaced her in the doorway.

"You heard the shot," Kate said.
"You heard the hounds and the shot,
didn't you?"

"Sure. What about it?"

"The hounds chased the deer right by
the house. A man rode out of the woods,
trying to head off the deer. He shot
from the horse. Most of the load struck
the west end of the cabin. Buckshot, of
course."

Andy paled now. "Who was it? Did
he stop and apologize?"

"A big, broad man on a rangy horse.
No, he didn't stop. He went on by at
a gallop, loading his gun as he went.
Didn't even look this way!"

"He shot mighty high," Andy said
slowly, thinking hard. "Funny he'd miss
the deer and shoot the cabin wall, from
horseback. High as he was above the
deer, the charge should've gone into the
ground."

"I don't think he shot at the deer,"
Granny said, coming down the low step
from the cabin door.

"It was Sig Flanagan," a voice said
quietly. "I seen him."



They turned quickly and saw Mr. Flipp, who had come silently out of the woods, two fox squirrels swinging from his rawhide belt, his rifle on his narrow shoulder.

"Did you see him shoot?" Andy asked.

"Nup. Seen him ridin' to head off the doe, which he may not've known was a doe." He set the rifle down against a tree and came on toward the wagon. "Sig Flanagan's that mean, all right. It'd be just like him to pour a load of shot into yore house an' then say he was shootin' at the deer."

"Where is he camped?" Andy asked, climbing down from the wagon.

"He always camps with the sheriff an' that bunch," Mr. Flipp told him.

"I'm going to Sheriff Martin's camp,"

Illustrator PHIL BERRY

"They can't ride through my place, shooting at my house," Andy cut in hotly. "If they get by with this, they might try worse next time."

Andy declared. "I'm going to tell Sig Flanagan—"

"Jest a minute," Mr. Flipp interrupted. "You ain't asked my advice, but lemme give you a slug of it: Forget what happened. That's the best and easiest way to handle it."

"They can't ride through my place, shooting at my house," Andy cut in hotly. "If they get by with this, they might try worse next time. I'm going. Where is the sheriff camped?"

"Bout a mile southwest of here, on the other side of the bayou. But, look, Mr. Ives. You won't do nothin' but harm to go there. As fer the postin' of yore land, they'd say you had to have a notice in the county paper 'fore you could make it stick, anyhow. Why, they's lawyers an' county officers an' the game warden an' the sheriff—they're all together there. Whut chance would you have, givin' orders to that bunch?"

"They'll have to know how I feel about it," Andy said stubbornly. "Flanagan in particular. I'm going. Dave, you can unhitch the mules and put them



As they drove homeward in the rattling wagon, loaded with purchases, Andy and Dave felt this was the beginning.

in the lot. I'll unload the things for the house before I—

"Let me go with you," Dave begged. "You ought not to go by yourself."

"I'd rather," Andy said.

Andy Ives had set his head. As he saw it, there was no way to reason around a course of definite action. A fierce protectiveness urged him on: a man had shot a charge of lead into the wall of his house. *His* house! No matter if it *had* been a moonshiner's hangout, no matter if hunters *had* camped there for several years, it was now the residence of Andy Ives and family, and a man had fired buckshot into it.

Mr. Flipp looked at Kate. "Don't let him take a gun," he advised. Then he turned and disappeared in the woods.

"Be very tactful," Mr. Eliot implored. "We are all disliked out here by the

Newcastle clique, and whatever trouble you have with the hunters from there will be another mark against this section. You see, for several years this was all wild country, perfect for deer and turkey and moonshiners. The so-called sportsmen looked upon it as their private hunting-ground. They would like to have it that way again, and whatever they can do to discourage those who are trying to settle this lowland and make it into farms, they will do."

"I see," Andy said slowly. "You've given me a better idea of the setup than I've had before now. Sure, I'll be careful, Mr. Eliot. I won't take my gun, for that would give them an excuse to say that I came looking for trouble."

Andy left them for the hunters' camp. The sun was still about an hour high, and the woods were quiet, save for the occasional bark of a squirrel or the screaming and hooting of an owl heralding the approach of night.

Just before he reached the stream, he heard, off to the southwest, the long

blast of a hunter's horn. Calling in the hounds, he guessed. Must be nice to have time and money to go in for such sports, Andy thought. He had never had it. Used to take a half day off now and then for a quail hunt with Joe Tatum, but that was all. Once he had thought he might like to kill a gobbler, but never had he known any ambition to shoot a deer. To him a deer was a living symbol of the woods, something that shouldn't be killed.

The woods were dry, and leaves on the winding roadway whispered as Andy walked along.

He came to the bayou, which was so low that there seemed to be no current except in the shallow stretches between holes. He followed the left bank of the stream until he reached the rough bridge. Here he crossed and turned left. Now he could see the shack where the hunters were camped. A bright fire was burning in front of the ramshackle log structure, and two Negro cooks were

(Continued on page 63)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

JANUARY 1947

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WED. JAN. 1 READ PSALM 5:3

THE first day of a New Year. What an exhilarating thought! We begin it with Dr. Thomas Walker in this mood: "When dawn comes flaming the Eastern sky, To herald the coming day, Love opens my eyes to eagerly watch, For Jesus is coming my way." Yes, Dr. Walker is right; Jesus will be coming our way with every dawn of this New Year, just as He walked with those disciples on the Road to Emmaus.

Dear Christ our comrade of all roads and highways, of all problems and difficulties of life—we thank Thee that Thou wilt walk and talk with us if we open our hearts to Thee in love. Amen.

THURS. JAN. 2 READ GEN. 1:5

ONE of my good friends wrote a little four-line verse which gives us a start on our morning devotions this day, and this verse taken in connection with our morning text will serve as our thought for the day: "I'm firmly resolved with all my heart, Each morning to welcome Christ here, For He is the light of each passing day, The hope of each coming year." In that spirit we begin this new day in this New Year with the feeling that Christ is the light of each passing day and the hope of each coming year.

Dear Master of us all, Thou who didst say in the long ago that "I am the light of the world," we turn to Thee this new dawning for light along our way and our day. Amen.

FRI. JAN. 3 READ PSALM 30:5

THAT ever-present help in time of trouble, Mr. Anon, brings us a striking thought this morning, at the beginning of this new year as we start out on a new choice of roads: "As once toward heaven my face was set, I came upon a place where two roads met. One led to Paradise and one away; And, fearful of myself lest I should stray, I paused that I might know Which was the way wherein I ought to go." This was not only the problem of this unknown poet, but it is also our problem this morning. The

poet gave this answer as to which of all roads to take in the new year: "But at that moment I thereon espied A footprint bearing trace of having bled, And knew it for my Christ's, So bowed my head, and followed where He led."

Dear Christ of all the rough roads of life, Christ of "The Way," we thank Thee that Thou hast gone on ahead of us into this uncertain year and that we may follow Thy footprints all along the year. Amen.

SAT. JAN. 4 READ PSALM 130:6

IT IS my feeling that this daily devotion is for the purpose of knowing Christ better, especially as we enter into the new year. "To know Him better is my daily prayer: Be always conscious of His loving care; By faith to look into His face so fair . . . To know Him better every passing day, That He His wondrous power may display, And guide and keep through all life's changing way." That is the spirit of our text this morning and the hope of these daily meditations—to know the Master better day by day.

Dear Christ of all our hungers and longings, we lift our lonely hearts to Thee this dawn and pray for Thy presence with us every hour of this day.

SUN. JAN. 5 READ ECCL. 11:6

MY FATHER used to have an expression which ran like this: "In the morning Willie, we'll get up at the crack of dawn and sow the seed in the corner field." That expression "the crack of dawn" used to puzzle me, but one thing I learned from the life on the farm was that you always sow seed early in the morning. In fact I suppose then is the best time to do almost anything, especially creative work or spiritual thinking. That is because we are all rested and fresh at that time. We can give our best then and for that reason it is well that we come to our devotions in the spirit of our text which says: "In the morning sow thy seed."

Dear God, the sower of all spiritual seed, and God the maker of all harvest

of hope and happiness—we thank Thee that Thou hast taught us to sow all spiritual seed early in the morning.

MON. JAN. 6 READ MARK 16:2

"AND very early in the morning they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun." Who were those who came? The answer is: three women—Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of Jesus, and Salome. They went to that tomb early in the morning because they were lonely to be where Jesus was. I have a dear friend whose son, Bray, a paratrooper, was killed in the Ruhr. He is eagerly planning to go to Europe this summer because he wants to see his son's burial place, to stand by his little white stone, to be where he is. I think I understand. It was the same thing that moved these loyal women, early in the morning before it was yet dawn, to find their way to the tomb of Jesus.

Dear Christ of all our hope and of all our desires, we come to Thee this morning in the mood of the three loyal women who came to Thy tomb in the long ago, because they were lonely for Thee. Amen.

TUES. JAN. 7 READ ACTS 5:21

THERE is a radio program called "Life Can Be Beautiful." When I was broadcasting from Radio City in New York, I would gather up the scripts of this program after it "signed off" and take them to my hotel room to read. I never got much out of them except the title, but I always liked that, for I knew it expressed a universal truth. However, even if I didn't get much from the script itself, I do get some inkling of why and how life can be beautiful from W. A. Hillis: "I never crossed your threshold with a grief, But what I left without it. I never came heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame, Gave to sorrow solace and relief. I never left you but I took away The love that drew me to your home again."

Dear Father of all sacred and holy friendships, we thank Thee for the comforting beauty of friendships and, most of all, for Thy friendship. Amen.
(Continued on page 38)

JESUS fed the hungry but wanted nothing wasted. God supplies us bountifully in this world, but He wastes nothing. The conservation of matter is a scientific statement of the faith of science that nothing is lost. Let a piece of wood rot in the field or burn in a stove or be converted into alcohol, it only changes form. Nothing is lost.

God gave the world to man—an unbelievably productive world. Plant a bushel of corn or beans and reap 25, 50, or 100 bushels. We have wide prairies, fertile fields, luxurious woods and wild life, swamps which have acted as dams to prevent floods and keep a water supply through the years. But what a wasteful job we've done with it all. We have cut our forests, destroyed our wild life, drained our swamps until we have floods, droughts, and dust bowls. We have wasted our substance in riotous living. Some slight efforts are now being made to correct this, but we still have a long way to go.

When Jesus fed the hungry multitude, He provided enough for all, but wanted nothing wasted. He said to His disciples, "Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost."

As God has provided a wonderful physical world, so He has provided a marvelous world of human personality. How much more we have wasted human personality than we have wasted the physical world! Every human life is filled with possibilities like the richness and variety of America, and God wants none of it wasted. Near my home for years was a man with a wonderful mind, a trained and capable lawyer, who, through drink, wasted his talent in a tragic way. Here is a woman who inherited millions, a lovely, genial soul, generous and interested in good causes, but now for years, through drink and

Do not throw away your pain. Use it! Do not throw away your fear; save others and so save yourself! Do not throw away defeat; bring something greater out of it!

be lost, so we are urged to be stewards of life, of money, and of time. It is the will of God that we should not waste even the experiences of life—that we should not waste even the hard experiences but that we should use them. This is the point I want us to see. Unless we save ourselves within, we shall never do much to save the world without.

That nothing be lost, Jesus put a principle in Christianity that would save even the experiences of pain. Men asked Jesus why certain men suffered in that day. Was it because of their sin or because of their fathers' sins? Jesus said that it was neither, it was for the glory of God. Do we ever think of our pain as being for the glory of God? Most of us rebel against pain. Why does God permit this to happen to me? Facing pain, some destroy themselves. Some drown it in drink or dope. Others become triumphant and victorious through pain.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "Manhood is the most precious fruit of trouble." So the prophets began to see suffering, not as punishment, but as discipline. "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord. For whom the Lord loveth he reproveth, and the sufferer he saveth through his suffering."

You see, pain has a great power of discipline. It changes and refines lives that do not waste it. We see it, in a sense, in Robert Louis Stevenson with his incurable disease, yet battling on. We see it in that mother, losing her eye-

turn our backs on Him; we may sin but He loves us still. His affection is undiminished though He feels pain at our sins. His hope for us is still unlimited. It is this love that saves us and draws us. So the suffering and pain of Jesus our Lord becomes redemptive. So that mother and wife in Persia, when her husband was killed by angry Mohammedans, took the insurance money and built a hospital for those very people who had killed him, winning their love before the hospital was completed, and saving them through her suffering and pain.

Grace Noll Crowell has written many poems of comfort and help. She has a way of bringing strength and courage and inspiration. How did this come about? She has spent years in bed, baffled by pain, and has longed to help others in their pain. "I have known the depth of bewilderment and fading hope but I was held by the Unseen Hand. Had I not suffered myself I would have no word for other sufferers," she writes.

*God, make me brave,
Life holds such blinding things,
Help me keep my sight,
Help me see aright
That out of the dark comes light.*

This is one verse of a poem born in pain which brought letters from sufferers everywhere. She says, "Without exception every poem which has had human responses came from my own deep ex-

That Nothing be LOST !

drugs, unable to do anything about this money intelligently. Here are young men and women in college today who, by their conduct, are handicapping their usefulness for life.

If there is a need for natural conservation in America today, there is a greater need for Christian conservation of personality! What possibilities in every life if only we guard them, conserve them, and gather them up, *that nothing be lost*.

It is the will of God that not a single life be wasted. Yet think of the multitude of lives wasted by war, by accidents, and by loose living. It is the will of God that no life talent of ours

sight and saying to her sons, "Now I'll show you how a Christian can take it," and rising triumphantly above it. We see it in that missionary and his wife in India who lost four children in a plague. They might have given up, but they went out and gathered together other homeless children to begin a great work which eventually cared for thousands.

The most difficult element of pain is when it becomes redemptive and we suffer for others. Isaiah rises to the meaning of this: "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities." You see, this is the meaning of the Christian Gospel. God refuses to be estranged from us. We may

experience of pain." Suffering for years, she prayed not to waste it all but to be able to help others. So we have her poems. By using her suffering she has helped others and found friendships around the world. So Jesus said to His disciples, "Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost."

That nothing be lost, Jesus again would teach us not to waste our fears. The world is suffering from fear today. The fear of war caused more wars. The fear of loss of money or of a job haunts men and women in the city; the fear of crop failure haunts those in the country. So sanitarians and asylums overflow with patients.



Did you know that a new method of treating the mind for worries is to operate on the brain and destroy some of the best brain tissue? This began with a Portuguese doctor and is now practiced by American surgeons. The brain tissue destroyed is in the frontal lobes, the higher brain centers, the seat of reason and imagination. Dr. Link says that a woman confined to bed with a day and night nurse for a year because of extreme fears was able, soon after the operation, to care for her household, drive her car, and entertain people. When she went to the theater it was the first time in her life that she was able to enjoy the play and not to worry about the way her hair looked in the back or other

trifles. He concludes: "Psychic surgery proves that certain people would be better off with less brains." Evidently today many values are being wasted.

The thing that appeals to me today is that perhaps most of us with this marvelous God-given brain are wasting so much of its value. Of course, in the case of these operations, the patients were not only wasting a talent but they were using it to destroy themselves.

Well, what is the answer? There is a physical aspect which means that we think too much, with too little play and too little exercise. Dr. Link argues this at length in the "Rediscovery of Man." He insists that fears come from thinking and self-analyzing without expend-

Sermon

*By J. WALTER
MALONE*

PRESIDENT, JAMES MILLIKIN
UNIVERSITY, DECATUR, ILL.

ing energy in action; that in hunting for happiness people should use their heads less and their heels more. A young man told Dr. Link that he was going to commit suicide. He was getting no exercise and had been thinking too much about himself. Dr. Link said, "If you are going to commit suicide, do it heroically. Run around the block until you drop." He ran around the block once, then again and again. Each time he felt better. He joined an athletic club and was soon normal again. We seem to be discovering that we cannot neglect the physical.

The real answer to wasting life or brain by fear is to worry about others instead of oneself, and so save yourself by saving others. A professor I know found a young man who was the most unhappy student he had ever met. The boy could find little joy in giving any one five dollars because he came from a wealthy home and the money would merely be replaced. So his teacher persuaded him one day to go to a widow's home on the edge of town and help her cut wood and fix some things in the kitchen to keep the cold out and so to work with his own hands and spend himself. That night he returned to say that he, for the first time in his life, had what the teacher called "an emotional experience of happiness."

A woman, the mother of six children, said that, as a girl, she was troubled with many fears, including the fear of insanity. After her marriage and the birth of the couple's first child, these fears persisted. Soon they had another child, ending up with six. They did not have much money and she did her own work. Whenever she started to worry about herself, the baby would cry and she would have to look after him, or the children would quarrel, or it was time to start dinner, or she had to get the wash in out of the rain. Her fears were so interrupted that gradually they began to disappear. Now she can look back on them with amusement.

The moral is that life and happiness are found only in others. Teach a Sunday-school class, work for peace on earth today, do something in your missionary

(Continued on page 52)

By

CLARENCE W. HALL

THERE is no sign or nameplate on it. Its quiet brownstone exterior tells no tales of what or who is within. It is as anonymous as the erstwhile notorious "House on 92nd Street" tried to be—but there the similarity stops. For this is no house of sinister intrigue, no political cookpot of hatred and war-mongering. This is a House of Beginning Again. And through its doors pass men with the most hopeful eyes in the world.

From the outside, you'd conclude that it might be almost anything—a small club maybe, a fraternity house perhaps, or possibly one of those reticently respectable rooming-houses that line the midtown streets close to New York's more bustling avenues.

You'd never guess it for what it is—the newly acquired "uptown annex" to Bowery Mission. But if you knew the story behind it, and the stories *within* it, you'd agree at once that it is not only the realization of a long dream on the part of Bowery Mission's sponsors but it is also the inception of a shining new idea in rescue mission work.

Let's step inside this House on 46th Street and look about a bit. It may be our only chance. For just as there was no "grand opening" when its first occupants moved in the other day, just so there will be no "open house" ceremony, now or later. Anonymity is important here, and the curiosity of those who wish to see how men look and behave on the Road Back will have to go unslaked.

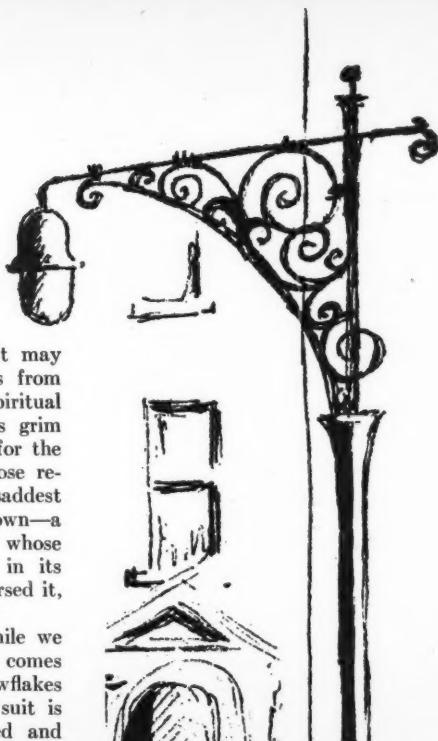
We're no sooner through the oaken doors, inside the high-ceilinged foyer bright with new paint and gleaming woodwork and flowers on a stand, than we know we are at *home*. The soft light from the polished old fixtures reflects our realization that this is no more an "institution" than your living room is Grand Central Station.

On the first floor are lounging rooms and a library and a feeling of quiet peace. There are bedrooms on the second and third floors, bedrooms with crisp curtains and soft mattresses and clean sheets and deep chairs, with pictures on the walls and steam sizzling in the radiators, and the sound of men singing in the showers.

A far cry, this, from Skid Row and its reeling drunks and blowzy taverns. A far cry from the bundles of rags that are men hovering miserably over sidewalk grilles or asleep in doorways with

only newspapers for blankets. It may be only about five statute miles from the Bowery, but it's a thousand spiritual miles removed from The Street's grim tragedy. This may be Midtown for the average New Yorker, but for those recently come from America's "saddest and maddest street" it is *Uptown*—a long, long way uptown. A way whose distance can be measured only in its effect on the men who have traversed it, and *will* traverse it in the future.

We meet one of these men while we are sitting in the cozy library. He comes through the door shedding snowflakes and energy and ebullience. His suit is pressed and his shoes are shined and



The House on 46th STREET

there's a discharged veteran's emblem in his lapel. As he comes through the door he calls a gay greeting—a greeting which changes to courteous apology when he sees a stranger here. He speaks the apology with cultivated accents, slurred over with the soft drawl of the South.

But soon the stranger is a stranger no longer, and we are sitting together and talking freely. His story gradually comes out, and in that story we learn what this House can mean to a man on the Road Back.

We're not giving you his right name. We'll just call him—well, "Smith" is as anonymous as any. His right name would be readily recognized in a certain Southern state where his family heritage is proud, where the family name garnishes "Who's Who" in columns of honors and achievements. His own name too would be known, known well, among alumni of the University of Virginia which graduated him *summa cum laude*, where he was an athletic star, and where he counted among his classmates such





men as Ed Stettinius and Art Kinsolving. It would be remembered too in business and social circles of the "pre-crash" days in Florida where he rode high until that day in 1926 when he saw a whole fortune in real estate holdings dissolve before his alcohol-dazed eyes.

We'll keep him anonymous, but we'll take him from there—from the Florida crash, through his character crash, and on to the House on 46th Street. We'll go quickly, for we don't want to tell too much—just enough to let you see the way of a drink with a man, and the way of a man with his Savior.

When some men lose all they have,

if their character is strong and there are no chinks in it, they manage to bounce back. But when a man has acquired a habit he cannot handle, and misfortune comes, the habit takes charge. That's what happened to the man we're calling "Smith." His habit was what is loosely called "social drinking." He could handle that habit as long as he had money and friends to periodically nurse him through. But he knew himself to be one of those men the booze barons, faced with "The Lost Weekend" and trying to make the best of it, lamely admit "shouldn't drink." One drink—just one—and he would be off. So in his lotus-

eating years, up to 1926, he managed to space his indulgences so that at least half the time his brilliant mind and trainabilities had a chance.

But when the lotus era was gone and the years of the locusts had come, alcohol blithely claimed its man. Smith took from the tottering Florida bank his last \$2,000, drank up half of it before managing to get away from Florida, and drifted across the country in a boozy haze, living with friends, borrowing when his money gave out, periodically sobering up for a while to work furiously to earn more money for more drinking. That went on for years. An expert auditor and accountant, he found himself increasingly unable to hold a job. He was on the way down—and out—fast.

Then came the war. Smith's family tree has generals on every limb. It was in his blood to take America's war aims seriously. They gave him what he never had before—a mission in life. That—plus a girl of fine family who promised to wait for him. Though above draft age, he enlisted. And during his 38 months of service with the Eighth Air Force, as a classification expert in this country and in Europe, he did little drinking. He had a dual mission: to do his bit to win the war, and to get back to the girl he loved.

But when V-E Day came, and his subsequent discharge, he took another fateful blow that floored him. In New York City he got the news: his fiancée had passed away. Suddenly forlorn, the inevitable happened: he had to have "just a quick one" to steady himself. As always, one was too many. And days later he awoke in a Bowery flophouse.

Also, in the vernacular of The Street, he had been "rolled." And thoroughly. Even his shoes had been stolen. He dazedly arose from the dirty bed and shuffled about the room, self-revulsion sweeping over him. A bleary-eyed flophouse guest looked him over. "Well, bud," he said, "if you ain't got no shoes, they might fix you up down at Bowery Mission."

This son of Southern aristocracy pulled himself together, looked down again at his feet, and padded out, barefooted, toward the Mission. They gave him a pair of used shoes, some good advice, and an invitation to come back to services.

"Thanks," he said, "but I guess I won't be having any." He knew he was at the end of his rope. Contact with religion would only intensify his memory of Sunday-school days, and ambition, and decency. He was through with all that; decency was dead in him, slain by his weakness.

There followed days and weeks of misery, of cadging drinks of "smoke" from other derelicts, of keeping as consistently drunk as possible and sleeping wherever he happened to fall. But in between there were brief periods of sober

(Continued on page 70)

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 33)

WED.
JAN. 8

READ JOHN 12:21

A YEAR ago I was the guest of a chaplain at Fort Devens. In front of the chaplain's office there was a full-length mirror. The chaplain shoved me suddenly in front of it. I took a look at myself and didn't like what I saw. I looked very unkempt. My tie was crooked, my buttons open at throat, my trousers needed pressing. He said to me: "We make every boy who is going to leave the camp stand in front of that mirror and take a look at himself to see if he looks in fit condition." Our text suggests that we may have the privilege of mirroring Jesus to the world. My answer to that suggestion is: "Help me, Master, that I may mirror Thee each passing day. Make me, Father, pure and true, like a river deep and blue. So the world of men may see Thy dear self mirrored in me."

Dear God of all beauty and love, we pray Thee this morning that we, like small lakes in a forest mirror a mountain, may mirror Thee and Thy love to everybody we meet. Amen.

THURS.
JAN. 9

READ NEH. 8:10

ONE of the four or five great biographies of American literature to my way of thinking is the book that Dr. Palmer of Harvard wrote about his lovely wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, president of Wellesley College. In that book Dr. Palmer tells of a beautiful tribute that was paid to his wife by one of her girl students who said: "She had a way of making you feel that you were dipped in sunshine." That is a beautiful phrase, and it is my hope that, as we gather together in these daily meditations, we may go forth all dipped in spiritual sunshine.

Dear God of all dawns, sunlight and beauty, we pray Thee that we may dip our souls each day in Thy spiritual sunshine and that "the joy of the Lord" may be our strength this day. Amen.

FRI.
JAN. 10

READ SONG OF SOLOMON 2:4

WE ALL like to see flags and banners fluttering in the breeze. In recent war years we have seen that sight many times and there has been a sort of glory about it. However I am talking about something different: "And his banner over me was love." Add to that text a lovely story which came to me recently from Dr. Alfred Knudson, the great philosopher of Boston University. He was telling me about a Scotch child who used to know Dr. Einstein at Princeton. He did her "math" problems for her and

she brought him an ice-cream cone. When asked why it was that she loved this great scientist so much, she said: "I guess it's because he goes up to heaven every night and that makes him happy every morning." Dr. Einstein himself says of his happiness: "Joy is the flag that flies from the castle of the heart when Truth is in residence there."

Dear God of all joy and laughter, we thank Thee that Truth, as it is found in Thy love and life, is flying at the castles of our hearts. Amen.

SAT.
JAN. 11

READ EX. 10:23

"ISRAEL had light in their dwellings." What a vivid picture that is! It reminds me of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories about the old Scot lamplighter whom he, as a sick little Scot child, used to watch go by his window every evening at dusk. Later in his creative life that writer said: "Wherever that old Scot lamplighter went he left a light behind him in the darkness." Then Stevenson added: "That is the universal obligation of every human being, to leave a light behind him in the darkness."

Dear Christ, Thou who didst say in the long ago: "I am the light of the world," we pray Thee that Thou wilt lead us down the pathway lighted by Thy love this day and night. Amen.

SUN.
JAN. 12

READ PSALM 4:6

ANYBODY who lives in Boston will sooner or later become aware of the personality and life of Phillips Brooks. They will pass his old church, Trinity, on Boylston Street. In front of that church they will see the striking statue of Brooks by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. They will still hear stories of the kindness he bestowed on all, the sunshine and light of his life. But perhaps the one story that has lived through the years is that told by a newspaper reporter who wrote: "The day was dark and rainy but Phillips Brooks passed down Newspaper Row and all was bright again."

Dear Father of all sunshine, light and laughter, teach us to smile away the clouds of a rainy day, so that wherever we go the sun may shine again in the hearts of people. Amen.

MON.
JAN. 13

READ PSALM 27:1

"THE Lord is my light." This is a brief and beautiful thought for this mid-January day, a day which both nationally and internationally is dark and foreboding. But still to the Christian, even amid darkness, "The Lord is my light." If then the Lord is our light and our laughter, "Do any hearts beat faster,

Do any faces brighten To hear your footsteps on the stair, To meet you and to greet you anywhere?" People will be glad to hear your footsteps anywhere if the Lord is your light.

Dear God of all gladness and goodness, we thank Thee that we may bask in Thy sunshine and walk in Thy light all of this dark day. Amen.

TUES.
JAN. 14

READ PSALM 119:105

"A LIGHT to my path." Just five words but what music in them this morning, when, as some unknown singer said: "Darkness in the pathway of man's life Is but the shadow of God's providence. But the great sun of wisdom cast thereon, And what is dark below is light in heaven." That is literally true, for I have been using airplanes a great deal lately and many times I have started my flight in a pouring rain and in a few minutes risen above the rain clouds into resplendent sunshine.

Dear God of the universe, and especially of the high places of life, we thank Thee this dark day that we may rise above the darkness of this life and dwell in the sunshine of Thy presence. Amen.

WED.
JAN. 15

READ ECCL. 11:7

"TRULY the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Also it is a sweet thing for a human being to meet up with a personality who brings sunlight into a dark day or a dark life, as was the case in this verse I found in my mother's scrapbook: "You did not speak of God, you only came when I was lonely and made bright the days when I was sad, and showed me laughter's ways. You did not speak of God, you spoke perchance of soaring birds, of song, of sudden lights. Of flowers and trees and silent starlit nights."

Dear Father of all love and light we thank Thee that, somehow, we know that those people who have touched Thy hands and seen Thy face, are all full of joy and laughter. Amen.

THURS.
JAN. 16

READ ISAIAH 60:1

"ARISE, shine, for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" I know this to be true from personal experience for I have risen early in the morning to go to my devotions and God's light has shone on me and the glory of the Lord has come to me. In the spirit of this verse which I recently found tucked away in my mother's old Bible: "I met God in the morning When my day was at its best And His presence came like sunrise, Like a glory in my (Continued on page 40)



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DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 38)

breast. All day long His presence lingered, All day long He stayed with me, And we sailed in perfect calmness over a very troubled sea. So I think I know the secret, Learned from many a troubled way: You must seek Him in the morning If you want Him through the day."

Dear Father of all needy and lonely people, we thank Thee that we may seek Thee in the morning and have Thee all the day and all the days of life. Amen.

FRI. JAN. 17 READ MATT. 5:16

MY MOTHER had an old celluloid-backed Bible which she brought from "the auld country." She not only kept a scrapbook but she wrote her comments on the margin of her Bible. Not only that, but she would tuck away her favorite clippings in the pages of that Bible and, pursuant to our text of today, I found this verse there: "Not merely in the words you say, Not only in our deeds confessed, But in the most unconscious way, Is Christ confessed. Is it a kindly, loving smile, A holy light upon your brow? Oh, no. I felt His presence When you laughed just now."

Dear God of all laughter, joy and delight, in the day or night we are grateful that laughter is also a part of religion and that we may let the light of love shine through our good will and laughter. Amen.

SAT. JAN. 18 READ LUKE 12:35

IT WAS none other than the immortal John Bunyan, whom we ought to read these days more than we do, who caught the spirit of "constancy," the spirit of "girding our loins" and of "keeping our lamps burning" when he wrote a simple quatrain which has all of an active Christian life in its brief compass: "He who would valiant be 'Gainst all disaster, Let him in constancy Follow the Master."

Dear God of all valiant souls, teach us to be valiant by following Thee and girding our loins for anything that faces us this day, and by keeping our lamps burning constantly. Amen.

SUN. JAN. 19 READ JOHN 12:36

"WHILE ye have light, believe in the light." A good many of us are apt to be apologetic for our religion. We are overwhelmed by a general high-hat attitude that certain people have about religion, and such devotional hours as we enjoy each morning. We often forget that in so doing, we are following an old instinctive admonition: "Be loyal to the royal in thyself." The royal in ourselves admonishes us to follow the inner voice,

to believe in the light which we have and to follow it wherever it leads us.

Dear God of our inner souls, we thank Thee that, if we follow Thee, if we learn to believe in the inner light we have, our pathways will be lighted through all the dark days and years of life. Amen.

MON. JAN. 20 READ ACTS 26:18

"TURN from darkness to light" is always a good direction and a good habit for him who wants to walk with God in "newness of life." Even the poor benighted Prodigal Son learned that lesson and the story of his learning has fascinated humanity ever since that day. One of the little clippings I recently found in my mother's Bible must have been slipped in those sacred pages for me when I was a boy. It was tucked in beside the story of the Prodigal Son and this is what it says: "Do not roll in the mire to please the pigs."

Dear God of the morning light, we thank Thee that it is ever our privilege to turn from darkness to light and to become, like the Prodigal Son, a new man in Christ Jesus. Amen.

TUES. JAN. 21 READ EPH. 5:8

"WALK as children of light." No more challenging single sentence was ever uttered in Holy Writ than this. If we are going to belong to the Church and pretend to be Christians, let us "Walk as children of light." A magazine editor of some importance once said to me, knowing I was a preacher: "The trouble with you so-called church members in these days, Dr. Stidger, is that we can't tell you from non-church members. So many of you do the same things that non-Christians do, and behave exactly as non-Christians do, that we cannot tell you apart." What a terrible indictment that editor gave against us nominal Christians in that blunt and bludgeoning statement. It makes us turn to our text which says to us (in everyday words): "If you are going to be Christians, act like it!"

Dear God help us to remember we are a "set-aside" people; that much is expected of us in the world of men; that we are followers of the lowly Nazarene. Amen.

WED. JAN. 22 READ EPH. 5:14

"ONE DAY an intimate friend asked Dr. Palmer, the Harvard philosopher, how he accounted for his uniformly good humor, his constant affection for and interest in young people, and his readiness to go out of his way to help them. He replied: "It is because I have been living with a rose." That friend knew exactly what Dr. Palmer meant, for he knew the intimate affection and respect

Dr. Palmer had for his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, then president of Wellesley College. All of those attributes which the friend saw in Dr. Palmer were also attributes which Mrs. Palmer had, and he was gallant enough to say he had gotten them from her. In any case, the application of that thought is clearly stated in our morning text: "And Christ shall give thee light."

Dear Master of all love and kindness, we thank Thee that if we live close enough to Thee and Thy way of living, we too may shine with the reflected glow and glory of Thy light and Thy love. Amen.

THURS. ♫ READ II PETER 1:19
JAN. 23

THE TEXT this morning is pure poetry to me. If I were to select my favorite text from all the Holy Writ, I believe it would be this one, for it is spiritual music to my soul. Also it is one of the most appropriate texts for a morning-watch meditation: "As unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts." I do not often quote my text—in order to save space in this compact meditation—but that verse is too gloriously beautiful and such sheer music and poetry that I quote it in full and let it sing its musical message deep into our hearts.

Dear God of the nightwatches as well as of the sunlit days, we thank Thee that to those who are ill and cannot sleep, restless and cannot be quiet, that through the long, dark hours of the night, Thou art unto them as a light that shineth until the day dawn and the day star arises in their hearts. Amen.

FRI. ♫ READ I JOHN 1:5
JAN. 24

WHAT a decisive, regnant, absolute statement is made here in our text; it is a statement of truth without limitation, qualification or, as we say in Masonic circles, "mental reservations": "This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." I happened to read that verse at our regular family worship last summer when my daughter and her three small children were visiting us and my daughter looked up and said with typical lack of reverence and with her modern vocabulary (which I love): "Dad, that verse packs an awful wallop, doesn't it?" Falling into her mood, I smiled and replied: "I'll say it does, Betty." It has the assumption of infallibility and of ultimate finality about it: "And in Him is no darkness at all!"

Dear God of the universe, of all time and eternity, of all law and order, we thank Thee that Thou canst and doest talk with finality and assurance which

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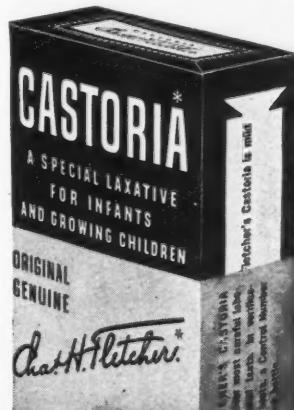
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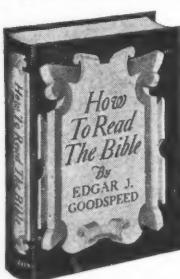
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gives us a sense of security in Thy universe. Amen.

SAT. ♫ READ I JOHN 1:7
JAN. 25

HERE is another text with the ring of eternity in its words. Most of us know what college fraternities are, and we remember with tender affection the fellowship we had in those fraternities. Also many of us have known the fellowship of Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions clubs, the fellowship of Odd Fellows, of the Masons. As Carlyle once said: "We are gregarious animals." We need the fellowship of other men and women, and that is a natural instinct. However there is expressed in the text this morning a larger fellowship which takes in all the world of humanity, the "fellowship of the saints," the fellowship of men and women of "the Light," men of all races, creeds and kinds, a fellowship with Christ at the center. That is a fellowship and a fraternity really worth while joining.

*Dear Christ of the Comrade Kingdom,
we thank Thee for the fellowship of
Christian people.*

SUN. ♫ READ REV. 22:5
JAN. 26

"THEY need no candle, neither light of the sun." There is no theme that my Scotch mother did not cover in her Bible. Placed between the faded leaves of that Bible, I found this little and yet pertinent interpretation of today's text by Thomas Moore (always a favorite with the Scots): "Thou art, O God, the life and light, Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but reflections caught from Thee. Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine, And all things bright and fair are Thine."

Oh Thou majestic, omnipotent, kindly, loving Father-God, we thank Thee that "All things bright and fair are Thine," and that we who follow Thee have no need of candle, neither light of the sun in this dark world. Amen.

MON. ♫ READ LUKE 2:32
JAN. 27

"A LIGHT to lighten the Gentiles." This is a lesson of light and a glorious one. The Bible carries this theme of light through every chapter from the first—"God said, Let there be light! and there was light," to our Luke quotation. Other great writers outside of the Bible love the theme of light and we hear Sir Thomas T. Browne say: "Light is but the shadow of God"; Leigh Hunt said: "Light is, perhaps, the most wonderful of all visible things"; Bailey sang: "Walk boldly and wisely in that light thou hast —there is a hand above will help thee on." And we Christians know what that hand above is. It is the Christ who gave us this morning's text and theme about "The glory of Thy people, Israel."

Dear God of all light, Thou who didst create the day and night, Thou who doest bring on the daily miracle of the dissolution of darkness, we follow the light of Thy love and of Thy countenance in all of our darknesses. Amen.

TUES. ♫ READ JOHN 1:4
JAN. 28

ALL LIFE in all forms naturally and instinctively turn toward the light. One of the first thrilling facts of nature I learned was when I was a child. I was told to watch the geraniums in our window as they followed the light of the sun all day. That was a great moment in my life and since I have grown older, it has been a delight to discover that as great a writer as Schiller also discovered that universal fact and wrote about it: "The very plants turn with a joyful transport to the light." So do children turn instinctively toward light, as can be attested by anyone who watches the eyes of a babe—a universal phenomenon which was noted by J. C. Hare who said: "Children always turn towards the light. Oh, that grown-ups might become as little children."

Dear Father of all waters, all life and all light, we thank Thee that it was said of our Master: "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Amen.

WED. ♫ READ REV. 21:23
JAN. 29

ONE of the unforgettable memories of my boyhood is the story of owls which haunt the woods and trees by night, seeking their prey, and hiding deep in the woods by day. They are creatures of night and darkness; and as such they seemed foreboding to me. They were unnatural creatures of some satanic origin. I was pleased therefore to read in a recent book about President James A. Garfield that he said the same thing: "Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown and thrive in darkness, disappear like owls and bats before the light of day." Because of this haunting dread of the things of the night, the creatures which like darkness, it is good to go to our text this morning for the reassurance that it gives us, that where Christ is there is no night, no darkness.

Dear Father of all dawns and noon-times, of all sunsets and starlit nights, Thou who doest hold the shining planets in their destined ways; we thank Thee that Thou art the God of order and light and that we are Thy children of light. Amen.

THURS. ♫ READ EPH. 5:8
JAN. 30

YE WERE sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." In connection with that text I was recently caught in a very embarrassing predicament. I was in a debate on the Palestine

Zionist movement and my opponent, a Jew, did a gracious thing and I impulsively said: "That was a Christian gesture on your part." His eyes flashed and he said: "And may I ask you just what is a Christian, Doctor?" I had never thought of how incongruous that figure of speech could be in the presence of a Jew, but suddenly there came to my mind the text of this day and I quoted it as a good definition of what a Christian really is: "But now ye are light in the Lord." It didn't perfectly satisfy him—but it satisfied me.

Dear Father of light, we thank Thee that since we are followers of "The light of the world," we too are "Light in the Lord," and that it is our mission in this life to carry light to the ends of the earth in the name of the Lord of light and love. Amen.

FRI. JAN. 31 READ I THES. 5:5

HOW COMPACT this text is! It hammers down the definition of what a real Christian is with great hammerlike blows; what we are and what we are not. I think I never knew what real darkness was until I went through Mammoth Cave. I think I never knew what creatures of the darkness were until I saw and heard those thousands of bats whirling through its stygian darkness. I think I never quite caught the wonder of light until I heard the story of how the fish of that cave lose their ability to see because they are in continual darkness. Schiller once said: "Only the worm of conscience consorts with bats and owls. Sinners and evil spirits shun the light."

Dear God of all brightness and sunlight; God of the burning, blazing, earth-warming life-giving sun; we thank Thee that Thou has made us creatures of the day and of the light. Amen.

The Year Is Gone

The year is gone. I thank Thee, God, For all the blessings I have known: For pleasures rich, the onward sweep Of daily trials that served to keep My mind and heart tuned to Thine own.

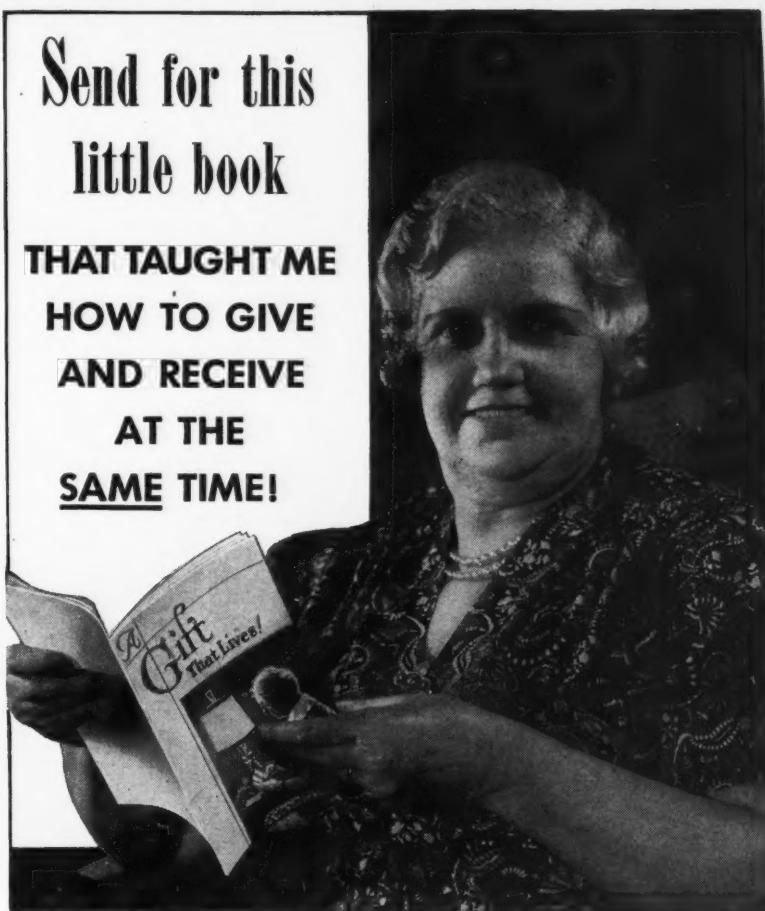
The new year dawns. I thank Thee, God,

For all the challenges it brings: For unknown roads, the surging thrills That wait beyond the beckoning hills, To test my faith that blithely sings.

The new year waits. O help me, God, To make each swiftly passing hour A time to pray and serve and bless, And thus find life's true happiness, Through love's far-reaching power.

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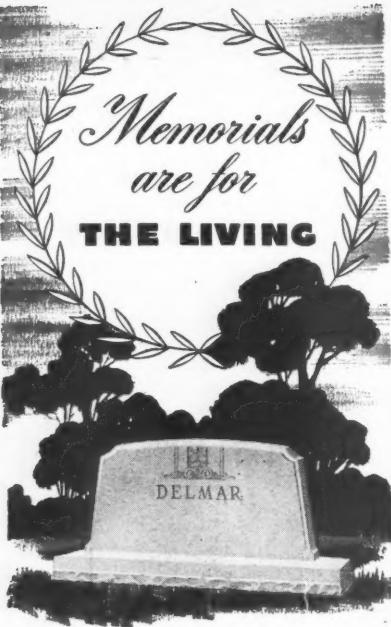
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BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Trauer



JAN. 5 | THE WORD MADE FLESH

JOHN 1:1-18

WHEN John wrote his gospel, Paul had been martyred for more than thirty years. The comrades of those early years were all gone. The records of the life of Jesus had been written by Mark and Luke and Matthew. Paul had organized the thinking of Christians even as he organized the Church in the important centers of the known world. As an old man, John saw the need of a fourth gospel, planned and written with care, completing the record of Jesus and interpreting it for all coming generations.

His purpose is expressed in these words: "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." John 20:31.

Many Christians had expected the coming of Christ in glory and the founding of His Kingdom of righteousness within their lifetimes. Instead there were awful persecutions. John was the one man living who could write the story of Jesus' life from experience. Spirit-led, he offered men a Saviour, truly man in his nature and in all his relationships, and, at the same time Son of God, mighty to save. No matter what the circumstances, even in injustice, persecution and death, John witnessed a Christ adequate for faith and life.

John planned his gospel. He began with a five-verse introduction. It is a poem in prose. It declared his faith that Jesus was one with God. "In the beginning, God" was the creed of the writer of Genesis. "In the beginning was the Word," echoes John.

JOHN USED A TERM familiar to both Greeks and Hebrews when he called Jesus "the Word." Words are the means of communication. Our thoughts are understood by others through our words. So the mind and character of God are clear to us through Jesus Christ. Pathetic were the attempts of men to know God until God Himself helped them.

"By searching, man cannot find God." The ugly and vicious idols of heathendom reveal the tragedy of man's unaided search for God. In Jesus Christ, God speaks: "As he thinks, so I think; as he loves, so I love; as he serves, so I serve. Hear ye him!"

"The Word became flesh." John knew Jesus in the flesh. Of all the apostles, he had been closest to Jesus. John was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." In the perspective of the years, John looked back on that intimate relationship and knew that Jesus was more than a friend. To John He was all that could be desired in a God. Yet to most of His race Jesus was like a light shining vainly in darkness. "He came unto his own and his own received him not."

Like Paul, John makes clear the relation of the Old Testament to the New. Jesus does not just happen on the stage of history. He not only is one with God from the beginning, but is also in the plan of God from the beginning. Abraham, Moses, and the rest, the whole program of worship and sacrifices, prophets, psalmists, and kings—all foreshadowed Jesus Christ. As their final representative, John introduced John the Baptist in the first verse following his introduction. In him is symbolized the witness of Hebrew history.

With what certainty John wrote! His was a faith born not only of the mind, but of the heart. His experience of the ever-living Christ through all the changing circumstances of his long life satisfied him fully that his interpretation of Christ in history was right. In the lives of many fellow disciples he had also seen the saving power of Christ. There is no substitute for this kind of testimony. Our witness to our world is weak because we have not the certainty of John. John knew the life of Christ first hand. He also knew the power of Christ first hand. Second-hand testimony will never convince our darkened world that it needs the Light.

Questions:

Why are the first three gospels called synoptic? What are some of John's additions to these gospels?

Read John 3:16; Hebrews 1:1-2; 3:14-18; Romans 8:3-4; Philippians 2:6-11. What light do these verses add to John's teaching on "The Word Made Flesh"?

JAN. 12 | JESUS' AUTHORITY IN HOME AND CHURCH

JOHN 2:1-16

THIS beginning of miracles did Jesus . . . ? What beginning? The raising of Lazarus? The feeding of the multitude? The stilling of the storm on

Galilee? No, a miracle to save a friend from embarrassment. It was a miracle to solve the problem of a home. No apology is in order.

The very coming of Jesus dignified the home. He was the center of a holy family. Pictures of the Bethlehem stable often show Joseph and Mary leaning over the Child, their faces illuminated by the light from His face. This is symbolic of the ideal Christian home. The light to lighten its darkest days comes from Christ. He has the solution for broken homes, for delinquent children, for worldly goals.

"What shall we eat? What shall we wear? Where shall we live?" These are questions that engage much of our time. When Jesus warned about worry in the Sermon on the Mount, He did not discount the importance of "daily bread." Indeed He included that among the petitions of His model prayer. Jesus is concerned about commonplace home problems. He seeks to be the unseen guest in every home, whose loving presence helps to mutual understanding, patience and unselfishness. He also has given the principles in His teaching by which homes can be truly Christian.

Jesus not only showed His interest in the home but also in the church. The cleansing of the temple is included in our lesson. The desecration of the temple shows how easily a good intention can betray us. It was a convenience to sell animals guaranteed to be fit for sacrifice and to provide a booth for exchanging foreign money into temple coin. Many of the worshippers came from afar. If they brought animals with them, they might be rejected by the priests because of some imperfection. If they bought at a booth in the temple-court the animals would be inspected before sale. But priestcraft saw the opportunity for extra profits and greed turned convenience into commerce.

Jesus with His whip of cords is a strange figure to us. With the same authority He exercised in the home at Cana, He met the problem of the desecrated temple. And with the same love He must protect the honest worshippers against those who profiteered at their expense. He must insist that His "Father's House" be cleansed of hypocrisy and greed. He is "Protector of the Faithful" whether it be in the little concerns of the home, or in the greater issues of the church.

Home and church relationships are a very modern problem. Our churches are now recognizing that the home is a help or hindrance to their teaching. Social workers today are unanimous in placing the home at the very center of the social problem. The rising tide of divorce, of juvenile delinquency, of crime, of easy standards of morality, indeed all the marks of the breakdown of society find their roots in deteriorating home life. There can be no Christian community

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without Christian homes. The church must provide education in preparation for marriage, set up once more our family altars, give instruction in wholesome family life, guide parents in their relations to their children and offer every possible service to the home.

The glory of the Christ was revealed in these two scenes. "His disciples believed on Him." Nothing could more fully convince the world today of the power of Christ than Christian homes powered by transmission lines to the churches. Homes and churches worthy of the name of Christ would be the saving factor in a lost world wavering on the brink of self-destruction.

Questions:

List the changes for better or for worse in the typical home in the last twenty years. What has Christ to say in regard to them?

How has the church yielded to the spirit of commercialism? What changes should be made in the program of my church in order to make it more Christian? Is Christian stewardship the answer?

JAN.
19

THE NEW BIRTH

JOHN 3:1-11, 16-17

DON'T be too hard on Nicodemus. He did slip into Jesus' room by night. He was playing safe and avoiding criticism on the part of his associates in the Sanhedrin. He was one of its seventy members. He was not yet sure about Jesus, not yet ready to be counted among His disciples. Give Nicodemus credit for coming. He was no coward. Later he would raise the one voice in the Sanhedrin in behalf of Jesus (John 7:45-52). And at Jesus' death he shared with Joseph of Arimathea the loving task of embalming and burial (John 19:38-42).

Jesus received Nicodemus as a sincere enquirer. He knew him both personally and as a representative of his class, caught in the toils of a legal religion. He wasted no time in discussing the fine points of the law, but plunged right into the heart of his trouble. He who prided himself on inheriting the blood of Abraham must be humbled. Like a babe he must be born anew and from above. He must be changed within by a spiritual power that was not inherited with the blood of his fathers. Great and respected teacher that he was, he must learn his spiritual abc's.

The inwardness of Christianity must never be neglected. Luther faced a religion in his day that had run to the surface of life. Rites, good works, formal creeds—these were not recognized as the fruits of faith, but its substitute. Wesley faced the same hypocrisy in the churches of his day. To be born from above means that God's grace in Christ Jesus has found the heart. There it cleanses from sin and gives victory over

sin. There it gives peace and a calm assurance of God. There it becomes the spring from which flows a life of Christ-like quality. "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

"How can these things be?" There is earnestness in that question. It represents the difficulty all men have with Jesus when they depend on the test of reason alone. Like the wind, the Holy Spirit is unseen, yet like the wind the evidences of His presence can be seen. When He is welcomed within by faith, new peace and new power for Christian living will follow. To the doubtful enquirer there is only one answer: "Try Christ." Uncounted multitudes have trusted Him and found the meaning of a new birth in their own hearts.

Harold Begbie whose "Twice Born Men" was a classic in evangelism a few years ago, gave years to a study of converted men and women. Most of them had been hardened in vice. He wrote: "I am astonished that the world should be so incredulous about the power of Christianity." When Christ becomes first in our hearts, our daily lives will be different.

The "Little Gospel" is also a part of our Scripture. John 3:16 is one of the great verses of the Bible; to many, the greatest. It describes the source of that power by which men are born from above. The first word is "God." "We love Him because He first loved us." "So loved" expresses the measure of that love. "The world" is so inclusive that it gathers into the arms of God all men, of all races and nations, of all ages and conditions. "That He gave" is always the outcome of true love. "His only begotten Son" is Jesus' claim for His own part in the plan of salvation as well as another testimony to the greatness of the Father's love. "That whosoever believeth on Him" is the blank in the check on God's grace where you may write your own name. "Might not perish but have everlasting life" presents the eternal peril of the soul that refuses Christ and the glorious outcome of accepting Him.

Thousands of sermons have been preached on this text, but the meaning is so simple and so personal that it is as good for the publican as it is for the Pharisee, for the child as for the college professor. As Luther said: "It is the gospel in a nutshell."

Questions:

What part does baptism play in the new birth? Matthew 28:19; Acts 2:38-39; 19:1-7; Romans 6:1-4; Galatians 3:27.

What does John mean by "eternal life"? Look up the seventeen references in John using this term.

JAN.
26

CHRIST FOR ALL PEOPLE

JOHN 4: 4-10, 27-30, 39-42

IT IS strange that Jesus should so often speak His most remarkable words

to the least remarkable persons." This was the comment of the great Biblical scholar, Fairbairn. Certainly there was nothing "remarkable" about this Samaritan woman unless it was her complete unworthiness.

She was a Samaritan and that would brand her among all good Jews. Her race was a mixture of Hebrew and heathen. Its origin came through the captivities, when the Hebrews were marched off their lands to far distant places by their captors. Some Hebrews escaped to the hills and hid till their conquerors had gone. Heathen captives were sent to take the places of those deported. There was intermarriage between the escaped Hebrews and the heathen emigrants. They were called "Samaritans" after the name of their principal city.

They also mixed their religions. There was a strong Hebrew influence in the mixture, but it was a mixture and good Jews would not recognize it. So the Samaritans were a mixed race with a mixed religion and no good Jew would have anything to do with them. It was a test of the bold Jesus had on His disciples when they found Him talking with a Samaritan.

It was a woman too. The Jews accepted generally the Eastern opinion of woman. She was little more than property. She was barred from the privileged place in temple worship. This woman was also morally unclean. After five ventures in marriage she was living in sin with a sixth man. Adding up all the evidence she was the kind of woman Billy Sunday would have said "must reach up to touch bottom."

To SUCH A WOMAN, of such a race and religion, Jesus ministered, weary though He was with His long journey. He met her with gentle courtesy, willing to accept water from her hand. He drew her out with infinite tact. He taught her a great spiritual truth as to the character of worship and revealed Himself as the Messiah to the Samaritans as well as to the Jews. Then He commissioned her to evangelize her own people and finally called His disciples to see a harvest of souls where they had believed was a hopelessly barren waste.

Race, religion, class, character—none of these is a barrier to entrance into Christ's kingdom. If Jesus could find room for this hybrid there must be room for all races. If He could call this hardened sinner, there must be room for all sinners. How little the Christians of the world have understood this. Even the race of Jesus has been cursed in the name of Christ. Perhaps in one regard Hitler understood Christ better than many Christians. As he developed his theories of racial superiority, he found Christ in the way. So it was the concentration camp or worse for protesting Christians like Niemöller, and a new pagan religion to attempt to replace real Christianity. (Continued on next page)



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"Whosoever will, let him come." That is the invitation of the Gospel. Whenever this is narrowed to exclude any race, it is not Christian. It is to the honor of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America that it will not convene in any city where the hotels practice racial discrimination. Labor unions have in some instances outdistanced the churches in this.

I remember a "tempest in a teapot" that arose when a Negro schoolteacher was invited to speak to the young people of a certain church. I read of a Mexican G.I. who was barred from the restaurants of his home town. I met a cultured Christian Japanese-American who had been taken from her home and detained behind barbed wire for the duration. All about us are divisions of race that Christ would not recognize. Nor can we ever expect to find the harvests ripe for the Gospel until we have demonstrated to Asia and Africa and the isles of the seas that Christianity and racial discrimination are not to be compromised. It is Christ for all the world or not at all.

Questions:

List the instances in the Gospels where Jesus shows favor to the Samaritans. If Christ came to my town what races might He substitute for them?

Discuss race and war. What can I do in my community to overcome racial discrimination?

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 23)

me very much was the blessing of the homes of the parishioners. The priest in his colorful robes, accompanied by altar boys, carried vessels of holy water and visited the homes in his parish the day before Christmas, which in Russia was also a fast day. Sprinkling each room with holy water, he blessed the house and so sanctified it for another year.

When the evening star appeared on Christmas Eve supper was served. The table was covered with straw and the cloth was placed over the straw. Then a samovar was placed on the table and fish and cakes were served. The feasting began with the dividing of the blessed wafer of which all partook. The supper was served buffet style and the appetizers came in great variety. In well-to-do families there were no less than thirty dishes of herring, sturgeon, cod, etc. Following this, two main dishes appeared consisting of roast suckling pig stuffed with mushrooms and buckwheat grain served with horseradish and a pudding filled with stewed pears, apples, oranges, grapes and cherries cooked in honey and served cold.

At midnight everyone went to church. This was hard on the children for they were impatient for the service to be over so they could hurry home to light the Christmas tree and have their presents. On Christmas Day there was a special

dinner at which no meat was served, only a cold vegetable soup with mushrooms and little rice cakes resembling pies, these also contained mushrooms. Sometimes cold fish was included on the menu.

Now traveling to warmer climates, let's go to France. Here in the days before the war, such dishes as these characterized the Christmas feast day: truffled turkey, black pudding, Strasbourg pie made of truffles, paté, boar's head jelly stuffed with pistachios, oysters, lobster, crawfish, snails, frog legs and stuffed gingerbread. Particularly in Paris, Christmas Eve is the time of celebrating. Mass is attended at midnight, followed at home by an elegant supper.

Twelfth Night is a time of elaborate feasting too. The most outstanding food served at this time is the Christmas cake in which a bean is hidden. It is the practice for the cake to be cut and divided equally among those present. The one finding the bean is made king or queen of Twelfth Night. She or he chooses a partner and together they direct the activities of the evening. The guests must do the bidding of the king or queen.

Italy, strictly a Roman Catholic nation, takes Christmas more seriously. It is primarily a religious festival there. For twenty-four hours before Christmas Eve, everyone fasts, then elaborate feasting follows. After a twenty-four hour fast everyone is ready to eat, so the Italians start by serving antipasto. Eel is a favorite dish among these appetizers. Naturally in this country where wine is used like water, much burgundy is served. The main course is preceded by chicken broth after which *capitelli* is featured. This is the white meat of chicken encased in an inch-high dunce cap made of noodle dough. A plateful with sauce is served to each guest. The sauce is known as *moutard de Cremona*; it has the tingle of mustard but not the bite and is made with fruit, spices and mustard. After *capitelli* comes the fowl and then more burgundy is served; this time it has walnuts floating in it (the wine some say digests the nuts and the nuts help the wine). The meal is touched off with nougats.

* * *

As you read of these festivals, these customs and practices of other peoples, and as we look at those which we carry on within our own country, we see much which could very well be eliminated, much which must be kept and emphasized in order to keep this holy day in the spirit which is most fitting. Feasting and fasting, gift-giving and gift-making all have their place but I believe that we must be ever on our guard to see that not the gift but the spirit of the "giver of all good and perfect gifts" is kept alive in our homes and our hearts and our minds. As we celebrate this Christmastime with our great family around the world, may the peace of Christmas abide with us all and spread its blessings into the New Year.

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WILL YOU HELP WRITE A BOOK?

(Continued from page 27)

the whole matter, he said, but just before he started home he slipped the little book in his pocket.

It was his habit to read a detective story before he went to sleep. This night, almost in spite of himself, he put "The Great Answer" on top of his detective story when he was ready to retire. Almost against his will, he opened it in the middle and glanced down a page. He read on and on, and then turned back to the beginning. He finished all the stories before he laid down the book. In the morning he telephoned a hospital in a distant city where his wife had gone in a sad emergency.

"How's the baby, Mary?" he asked.

His wife told him that their only grandchild, who was gravely ill, was not expected to live through the morning.

"I want you to pray for her," the lawyer said. "You and the baby's mother and father . . ."

"But John . . . what are you talking about?" the wife cried in astonishment.

"Never mind," he said. "I've prayed for the baby, and I know God is taking care of her. You people get down on your knees and thank Him. And don't worry . . ."

The child, within a few hours, was well. And the former atheist is now a devout Bible student.

Another instance, which I was told lately, is a very striking example of protection. While praying for daily guidance, a woman felt a premonition that there was some impending danger in her husband's factory. She told him that God had warned her that there was something which should be checked to prevent an accident. He laughingly reassured her, but she still felt it necessary to rely upon God's promised protection, in order to feel safe.

The next day her husband was looking in a mirror in his office, and he saw that some beams reflected in the glass seemed to be slightly swaying. He called in engineers, who found that some supports on which several floors rested had rotted. Shifts of laborers worked five days and nights to replace the beams and joists to keep the building from collapsing.

A workman said, "It must have been the hand of God that held the building up, because the beams crumbled as soon as they were touched." The woman . . . and her husband . . . acknowledged that it was indeed the hand of God.

Recently a woman wrote to me to say somewhat timidly that she knew that God will "do anything, if only people have enough faith in Him." She said that nearly twenty years ago she had two small sons, six and eight years old. The older child was critically ill, and the physician held out no hope of his recovery. She felt she must prepare the younger boy, who adored his big brother.

"But he's not going to die, Mother,"



We all agreed it was wise to choose now

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the little boy said. "I've prayed to God about it. And God isn't going to let him die."

This mother wrote that she was smitten with despair because not only was the lad going to lose his beloved brother, but also his confidence in his own prayer. She tried to warn him that sometimes God's ways are not our ways . . .

"But Mother, God wouldn't have made such a good boy for nothing. Don't you worry . . . you'll see . . ."

And she did see. At the time she wrote to me, both boys were still in the Air Corps, and she was still "seeing."

These represent the kind of experiences I urge you to send me. If your eye has chosen to rest on this page, you are someone who has allowed God to be an active part of your daily experience. Out of your gratitude, and your love for humanity, will you take a few moments to write me of some of your own Great Answers?

Physical starvation is stalking the earth today. But appalling as it is, such hunger is slight and unimportant compared with that more tragic spiritual starvation which ravages the earth. The world is fainting for lack of spiritual food, and we—you and I—are the rich men who know where that food is to be had. We cannot go complacently about our business, however important that business seems, until we have first broken that bread which nourishes us, and have shared it with the hungry multitude, as the disciples shared the multiplied loaves and fishes.

We cannot begin another year, whose cornerstone is the birthday of the Man who said, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," until we have paid a tithe of our gratitude.

Will you write your story and send it to me today?

FLYING DOCTORS

(Continued from page 25)

kitchen stove rather than do without the Transceiver.

It's a cabinet, not much larger than an ordinary receiving set. It tunes from 19 to 550 meters, receives and sends up to 500 miles. The power is furnished by pedals like those of a footpower sewing machine. It is easy to install and a child can operate it.

The Transceiver was ready for distribution by 1928. The first Flying Doctor base was set up at Cloncurry, to serve Queensland and Northern Australia. A plane and doctor were engaged and the service started.

This first service was established by the Presbyterian Church through its Australian Inland Mission, with Flynn the directing head. But soon settlers in other parts of the country began to hear about the flying doctor. At once there was an insistent demand that the service be extended to all of the inland.

A meeting of the six state premiers worked out a plan, which has been in operation since 1933. The continent is divided into seven sections, each with its radio base and its flying doctor. Each is controlled by a council, a private, non-profit corporation.

The service cannot be self-supporting on a fee basis, since it serves rich and poor, white and black, without discrimination and one call may cost several hundred dollars. Government contributes, so do private benefactors. An increasing proportion of the cost is met by voluntary contributions from the owners of the sheep and cattle stations, and each station pays for its own Transceiver and medical chest.

A flying doctor has to develop certain special abilities. Even more than the regular general practitioner he must understand the minds as well as the bodies of his patients. This woman calling from 300 miles away—does she really need a doctor? Or is she just frightened out there in the bush? On the other hand there is the patient who is afraid to have the doctor, who puts it off too long.

Long-range diagnosis is a branch of medical science highly developed by the flying doctor. He must educate the patient's family to cooperate intelligently. Is it just an ordinary stomach ache that the child has? Or a ruptured appendix? The mother must be told just how to probe the right side of the abdomen, trying at the same time to distract the child's attention.

Then there is the occasional necessity of doing a minor operation at long range. Jack Woods recently set a dislocated shoulder 400 miles away. One husky man held the patient while another was directed step by step on the radio how to go through the exact sequence of manipulations required. As he finished the last instructions, Woods switched the radio over to receiving and waited, a bit breathlessly.

"The bone clicked back as you said the last words, Doctor."

The pilot too has a very special job. Not for him are such luxuries as radio beams, regular landing strips or maintenance crews wherever he lands. He has to know his 400,000 miles of country as a ship pilot knows a harbor. And he must use ingenuity in finding places he has never been before, and in setting his plane down safely.

On a sunny day a good way to find a new place is to have the station manager use a mirror. You can see the flash many miles away. Sometimes, in the case of an accident to a drover, you have to find a "muster of a mob" (a round-up of a herd). Usually you can spot it by the cloud of dust.

In cattle country you can't leave the plane unwatched. The cattle like to chew the fabric off the wings. And often cattle or wild camels make trouble by standing around on the only available spot to land. If you can't stampede them

by flying low over them you may have to circle until somebody comes and chases them off.

You get to be expert in judging how hard and how level is a landing spot. The biggest worry is when you have to land in high grass. It may conceal an ant-hill big enough to crack you up.

The worst hazard is the duststorms. They come up quickly, rise as high as 10,000 feet and are so thick you can't see ten feet. When you see one coming you have to land—quick—wherever you are. For such a contingency you carry emergency rations. Once Woods and his pilot had to camp ten days by the plane until the storm subsided. But he could still keep in touch with his patients by the plane radio.

The Flying Doctor base is the neighborhood center of each community. The woman on the sheep station may not visit that base once in a year, or may never have been there, yet it is the focus of her social life.

I listened in on some of the daily radio sessions at the Broken Hill base, run by Frank Basden, a genial combination of radio announcer, communications chief and social arbiter of 400,000 square miles. First on each session were the medical calls: reports from patients and requests for the doctor to come. Then Basden read and received telegrams to and from people on the stations. For example there was a wire for one outback mother from Sydney saying that her son, who had served with the occupation troops in Japan, had got his discharge and would be on the next transport. Then general news of the district was received and distributed.

After that the air was thrown open for the stations to converse with each other. It was like a glorified party line. By using various wave lengths, a number of conversations could go on at the same time. And everybody who wasn't in on a conversation was trying to listen to all the others.

I was there at times when most of the men were out at work, so it was largely feminine chit-chat. But it was quite orderly. Each one took her turn, then, "Over to you" and the next one had her turn. Except in the case of one woman. She had just got her Transceiver—before that had gone for months without seeing or hearing a soul except her husband and children. She couldn't restrain herself—she broke in all the time. She wanted to talk all at once to everybody within 300 miles and at the same time she didn't want to miss a word that was being said.

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THAT NOTHING BE LOST

(Continued from page 35)

society. Remember Jesus said that he who saveth his life in leisure and ease shall lose it in worry, and he that loseth his life in love and service for others shall find it in joy. Jesus showed us this reality nineteen centuries ago, and today, more and more, we are realizing its truth. Fear is a warning to get busy and worry about someone else. Jesus offers us infinite possibilities for living; possibilities of usefulness that do not waste even our fears.

Finally, Jesus would teach us not to waste but to use even defeat. Most of us are defeated from time to time in what we undertake. One hundred men start a business tomorrow and only a few are in business six years from now. We start a million children in school; at the end of ten or twelve years only a small percent are still in the educational process. We long to be well and set ourselves for health, along comes illness or an accident and we are defeated.

On a church bulletin board recently I read: "There is no failure, there is only experience." It seemed absurd to me at first. Everywhere we see defeat and failure. The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of human failures. I have visited on West Madison Avenue in Chicago where, in normal times, fifty thousand homeless men are found in one square mile. Certainly defeat is a very real part of life. But as I thought of that bulletin board it finally dawned on me that the author was trying to say that we may take our failures and use them and make an experience out of them that can overcome the defeat.

George Washington hardly won a battle in the Revolutionary War, but he studied the situation, withdrew, conserved his reserves, and out of one defeat after another, won the war. Mark Twain, in a financial deal, lost everything he had. But instead of sitting down and nursing his defeat, it spurred him on and he came back to pay every debt and thus use his defeat. Admiral Byrd was twice dropped from the United States Navy for physical defects, but he flew to the North Pole and he flew to the South Pole and he was made an admiral in the navy which had twice dropped him.

Some time ago students at the University of Illinois planned a unique meeting for a Sunday evening at the McKinley Foundation on the subject, "What kind of a life partner do I want?" They wrote letters setting forth their convictions on this matter. The boys made three points: (1) Regardless of looks and grace and other qualities, they almost unanimously put character first in the girl they wanted; (2) About seventy-five percent of the boys wanted a girl who didn't smoke. I wonder why? (3) Finally the boys wanted a girl who could take defeat. This surprised me

most—that the students understand how necessary it is to have what it takes when defeat comes.

Our wedding service reads, "I, John, take thee, Mary, to be my wedded wife, and I do promise and covenant before God and these witnesses to be thy loving and faithful husband in plenty and in want, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health as long as we both shall live." Then she says the same. Life is like that. There is want, sorrow, and sickness. There is defeat for everyone somewhere along the line. What shall we do about it? Jesus says, "Do not waste even defeat. Use it!"

Peter vowed that he would never deny Jesus, but he did, three times! Yet in every list of disciples, Peter is first. One of the greatest churches in Christendom is St. Peter's! Why? Jesus taught Peter that the only failure is within. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." All the water in the ocean cannot sink a ship unless it gets inside the ship. All the temptations and sins of the world cannot ruin a life until we consent to them. Fortunate circumstances do not make life victorious but often unhappy. Yet Jesus, poor, and rejected of man, was a victor through defeat. Epictetus, a slave and crippled, Robert Louis Stevenson, Helen Keller—all were victors through defeat. The spiritual enrichment of mankind has come not from men who succeeded outwardly but from men and women, defeated in this and that, yet who have won a great spiritual victory within.

I had a crippled cousin who, because of an accident when she was five, never walked again. She had to be lifted from wheelchair to bed or carried to a car to ride somewhere. Yet she did not want to waste her life. So when she was thirty, she took some work in a Bible school and went to northern Wisconsin to be a missionary. There she built a Sunday school and church. No other member of her family of brothers and sisters did any such thing, but this young crippled woman who would not waste her defeats rendered a great service to the Kingdom of God.

Phillips Brooks once had a letter: "I'm a tailor in a little shop near your church. When I can, I attend your church. When I hear you preach I forget you, for you make me think of God." Phillips Brooks tried to be a teacher at Harvard and was defeated and dismissed. Yet he became the greatest preacher in the America of his day. Paul wanted to go to preach in Asia, but he was not permitted and he felt defeated. Yet he turned to Europe and so today we have Christianity.

Do not throw away your pain. Use it! Do not throw away your fear; save others and so save yourself! Do not throw away defeat; bring something greater out of it! When the fight begins within, a man is worth something. Gather up the broken pieces that nothing be lost.

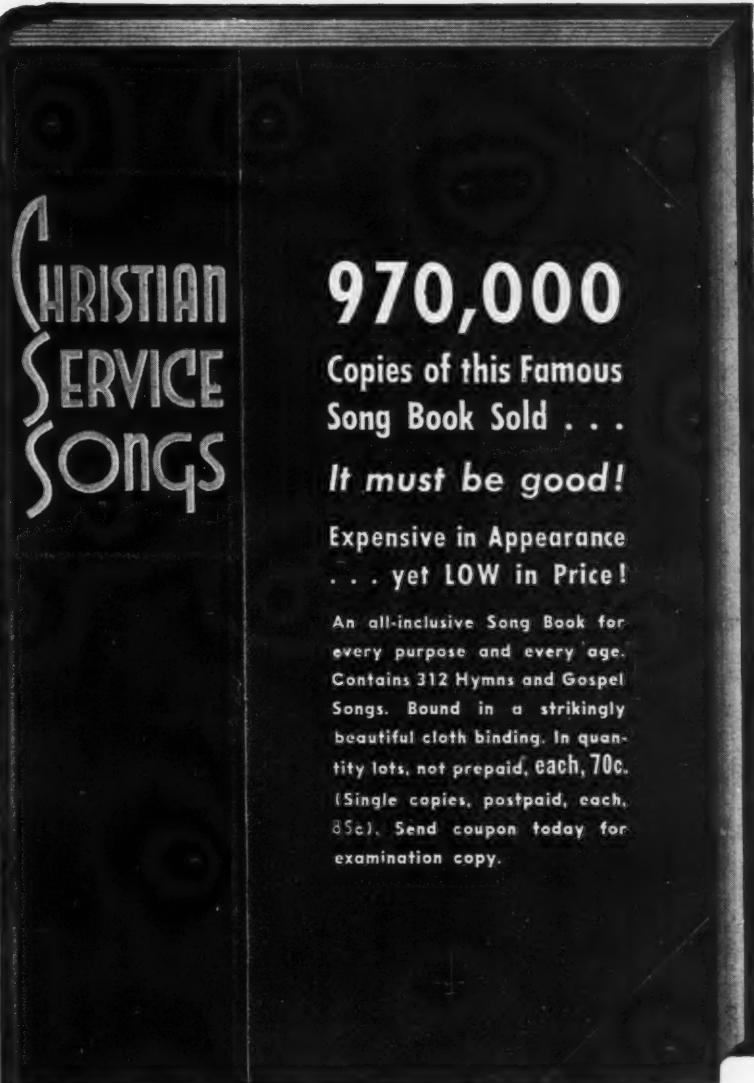
HUMANITY'S LAST CHANCE
(Continued from page 17)

all, good looking, in an immaculate blue suit. His hair is plastered down like a movie actor's. At 37, he is the youngest of the topflight diplomats, one of the real policy-makers of the Soviet. Moscow trusts him, has twice given him the highest Order of Lenin. He lost one brother in the war, and his wife's family vanished without trace during the German occupation. These Russians have seen terror and death at first hand. They take this business seriously.

A white-haired man spins in his seat to talk to a Russian aide; the reporter from Cleveland, next to me, whispers "Vishinsky." Vishinsky smiles easily; his face is pale, intense. At times he seems fast asleep—until something happens, and then you find out how wide awake he is. Sharp in debate, he can crack a joke. He is the Number 3 man in Russia, but there is an almost unpardonable sin in his past: during the early struggle between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks, Vishinsky erred in joining the Mensheviks—and Stalin never forgot that. He had to fight his way back into favor; his ability as a lawyer did it. Trotsky once remarked that in the 1917 Revolution, Vishinsky "fought on the other side of the barricades." He fights on the right side now; he is perfectly in order, following the party line. He knows terror and suffering: the Czarist soldiers beat him nearly to death in Baku, in 1905. When he speaks, he has a way of repeating his main points over and over and over again, until the opposition starts biting its fingernails. He is perhaps the most cultured of all the Soviet delegation, and a ruthless diplomat. When someone asked him how he thought the Russian-dominated elections were coming out in Bucharest, he remarked, "Oh, in any fair election, 45 percent will vote with us. With just a little pressure, 90 percent!"

What's all this? There is a sudden excitement running around the room; the delegates stop talking and the press cranes its neck and the photographers scamper madly. It's Molotov! He's short, cocky, cold; he strides in surrounded by what look to be a regiment of Russian secret police, pushing men out of his way. Sound the trumpets! Call out the guard! You'd think it was the archangel Gabriel himself.

Molotov is the outstanding figure of the U. N.; make no mistake about that. He sits at the head of the table, in the aggravating confidence of a coach who has a powerhouse of a team, just waiting to start the drive to the goal. ("Molotov. Molotov!" shouted Tom Connally yesterday to the press. "Why don't you ever ask me about anyone else?") He seldom laughs. When a reporter asked him in Paris if he could ever say anything but "No," he didn't even smile. (Continued on next page)



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Since The Election Is Over

The November election cleared up many issues. It is now a matter of record that our people believe in America and in the traditional American way. They want the state to remain servant and not become master. They want the democratic process, constitutional government and the dignity of individual citizens perpetuated. They don't want foreign ideologies. They want government by law—not by men nor bureaus nor decrees. They want capital "F" Freedom preserved and expanded.

Spiritual Mobilization expects a great number of recruits—ministers who had not faced the issue of the seriousness of recent trends but who, since the election, are more realistic about what has been happening to capital "F" Freedom in America. We shall commend and criticize the Republicans as we did the Democrats—always at the level of principles and never on a basis of partisanship. Our single interest continues to be capital "F" Freedom. Concerning Freedom the election gave new hope but we must not take its future for granted.

It is time to speak plainly about Communism. A new book, "Blueprint for World Conquest" published by Human Events, Inc., has recently appeared and should be read. I was impressed by a recent pamphlet on "Communistic Infiltration in America" and sent a copy to many who will be reading this column. I am perfectly sure a lot of preachers have been unknowing fellow-travelers and have been used by communists. I recently preached a plainspoken sermon "Consider Communism Calmly" in my own First Congregational Church of Los Angeles pulpit and will be glad to send a copy to any who make request. Let the clergy of America take leadership in stamping out this anti-God menace which has been entertained in high and supposedly-respectable places.

Comments and suggestions are respectfully requested and will be appreciated. May we send you tracts and bulletins? Are you ready to make common cause with us? May our traveling representative in your area call on you? Clip and mail coupon below today.

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Molotov has come up from the bottom; unlike Vishinsky, whose family has blue blood and whose father was a millionaire, Molotov's were run-of-the-mill, obscure tradesmen. His name is really "Scriabin;" he changed it to "Molotov," as Lenin changed his. He started his career in a dark cellar in Kazan, he served two sentences as a revolutionist in Siberia, and engineered two escapes. Something of the bitter cold of Siberia is still in his blood, his face. He has an "I am always right" sort of attitude when he addresses the Assembly. He is the most infuriating man on the floor. He knows that, and likes it.

He usually guesses right—or is it intuition? He did not make Vishinsky's mistake of joining the Mensheviks; he chose to rise or fall with Lenin, and he rose; he played along with Stalin against Trotsky, and rose higher. Lenin once called him "the best file clerk in Russia;" he is one of three men—Stalin, Voroshilov, Molotov—out of the original twenty-five who has come alive through the fearful purges of Stalin to stand as Number 2 man in Russia. He has played the game as ruthlessly as his Kremlin boss; when a subordinate blundered at Paris, Molotov looked at him with an icy smile and remarked slowly, "Some day I may order you executed." The reporters laughed; the blunderer turned white. He doesn't care a snap of his fingers what people or nations think of him; he worries only about his superior, and his place in the party. He was a Communist at 16, an exile in Siberia at 19; he will live and die as the party directs him to live and die. He has few confidants, fewer friends. He surrounds himself with mediocre men easy to handle; he doesn't hesitate to step on them. He is the most feared man on the floor, and there is something about him, cold face to the contrary, that tells you that he is a man living in constant fear himself.

With all the furore over Molotov's perfectly delayed entry (he never gets there too early or too late), we've missed something. We look up, and lo and behold, there is Assembly President Paul-Henri Spaak on the dais with the gavel in his hand. Nobody saw him come in! He looks like Churchill, from our distance: a short, squat man behind horn-rimmed spectacles, a cross between a Billiken and a parliamentarian. He speaks only in French; and it is beautiful French; listening to him is like listening to Beethoven, Liszt. Street agitator in his native Belgium, he deserted his Liberal forebears for Socialism, was elected a Deputy at 32, rose fast. When the German Ambassador came to him to demand Belgium's surrender in 1940, Spaak interrupted the arrogant Nazi with "My turn to speak first, sir!" Electrified over Russian opposition as the president of the Assembly—by a vote of 28 to 32—he is good on the dais. He is phlegmatically Belgian; he never loses

his head. He once played international tennis; now he plays a sterner game, well.

His gavel falls, sharply. It is just 4:25. The meeting is on. He plunges at once into the agenda for the day. There is no prayer at this opening. Why not? That is a sadly lacking note. The excuse is: "There are men of many faiths here." So what? There could be a silent meditation; there is one God for all of us. One hesitates to remark that they are keeping God outside the door guarded by the Marines, but one certainly feels it.

Nevertheless, they proceed solemnly. This is the business of world peace—a business more serious than war. You feel it. You breathe it in the atmosphere of the room. Watching these men work is far more impressive, more inspiring, than watching the House of Representatives at Washington, or even the Senate. You get the feeling that these men know what a load they carry on their shoulders and their hearts.

Spaak tells the Assembly what they have planned to do for the day, then nods to a man in the Ukrainian delegation who stands silently, waiting the chair's recognition. The whole Assembly looks at him apprehensively as he walks to the speaker's stand, as if to ask, "What's he up to now?" This is Dimitri Zakharovich Manuilsky. A reporter near me smiles and says happily, "Here we go again!" Manuilsky may be a stooge; he is certainly a man with a sense of humor, and real ability on his feet. His speech is as scintillating as swords in bright sunlight. He is striking back at Carlos Romulo of the Philippine delegation. Romulo said something about democracy, yesterday; Manuilsky goes after him, feinting and jabbing, with little uppers of humor that make the Assembly laugh in spite of itself. Romulo doesn't laugh; he is so mad that he jumps up and runs down to the Ukrainian delegation to protest. They greet him with a solid row of deadpans. Manuilsky watches it, looking over the top of his glasses like Foxy Grandpa, and goes on. He calls a spade a spade, no doubt of that. There is real applause when he finishes. Then the French and English interpreters read his speech all over again, so that all may understand what he has said. French and English are the two official languages of the UN; every sign in the place is written in those two languages.

You know in your heart, as you sit there through the long hours, that there is a lot going on behind the scenes, that you are seeing only the last act on the Assembly floor. You know that most of the work is done behind the scenes, in committees, just as it is done in every other parliamentary assembly in the world. And yet—you know that it is working out. It is a long, hard, bumpy road to world government and world security, but you cannot drive from your mind as you watch, the conviction that we are on our way.

Yes, they disagree. Why shouldn't they? Romulo gets mad enough to commit murder on Manuilsky—but he gets mad where all the world can see him! At Geneva, while the late lamented League of Nations was deliberating, scheming men met behind closed doors to scream at each other and to plot the League's destruction. At Flushing they do their screaming in public, and the whole world listens to it and reads about it. They face those men up in the radio and television booths and 1500 reporters gathered from Boston to Bombay.

Yes, Gromyko once walked out of a UN meeting. What of it? He walked back. The business goes on, however slowly, however high the human hurdles they must get over—and are getting over! Walking out means nothing. At the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention in May of 1787, fourteen delegates walked out, at one time or another. Let us never forget that they, too, walked out in disputes over the same points of disagreement that drove Gromyko—only once—into outer darkness: over questions of power, authority and sovereignty!

And lest you forget it, too, our "one nation, indivisible," was not realized after that one meeting in 1787; it did not come into being until after Appomattox and the Civil War, and that was eighty years later!

The trouble with too many of us is that we expect too much of humanity too quickly. We have no right to expect the men of fifty-four nations, men of every conceivable background and philosophy and training, to come into agreement overnight. Rome wasn't built in a day. Neither was the United States nor England nor Russia. It takes time. God—and humanity—have plenty of time. What's your hurry?

Struggling as they are with seemingly insurmountable conflicts and difficulties, these men are doing their level best to reach the goal—the hardest goal to reach in the history of erring, blundering, suffering, unconquerable man. Their success at last depends upon two things: the mutual good will of the men on the Assembly floor, and the everlasting support of the little people back home, all over the world. That there is a real good will among the peacemakers at Flushing I have no doubt whatever, since I have seen them work. That there is a lot to be desired in the words and actions of the little people like you and me, shouting at them from the sidelines, I also have no doubt.

This is a time for courage, not carpentry. It is a time to fight and pray and to remind ourselves that God is in all this, whether His name is mentioned from the dais, or no. If we can get that into our minds, we will have a world decent enough for our children to grow up in, decent enough for Christ to come back to. If we don't—then God help us all!

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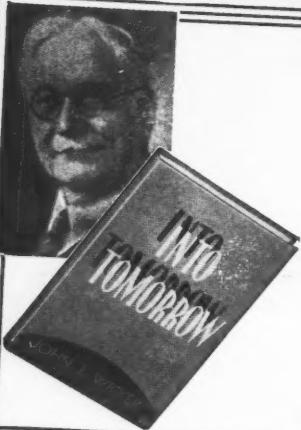


The NEW BOOKS By DANIEL A. POLING

A STORY as incredible as the North American continent is *HOLDFAST GAINES*, by Odell Shepard and Willard Shepard. Until its greater is written, it is the Great American Novel. Also it is the authentic historical novel of its times. There are passages between these backs, single sentences and paragraphs and descriptions running into pages and chapters that are as fine as anything I have read in the classics. The narrative of the death struggle of the brigantine *General Armstrong* against a British fleet off Horta, in the Azores, is as dramatic as the classical French story of the cannon. The duel in the dark, the running of 600 miles in six days, when Holdfast, the hero of the book, carries the news of the attack on New Orleans and brings men of Western Waters down the river to help Jackson and the Battle of New Orleans—these are descriptive epics any one of which would make a novel great. But these and others scarcely less important, particularly the spiritual rebirth of the hero in the cave, are so elemental and profound that they carry the reader beyond the world of time and space.

Holdfast Gaines, who will be a legendary character, is a giant Mohegan Indian, whose tribe was crushed by Arnold's Massacre at Fort Griswold. Through the Revolution and the War of 1812, he moves across the North American Continent and far into the Atlantic. He is the associate of the great ones of that heroic period in which our national life was unified. Seeking to save the Indian from his own weakness and to reconcile the races to each other, he serves his exalted ideal with physical courage and spiritual zeal that leave him on the pages of fiction a completely unique character. He is the virgin man of a new world rising from ancient foundations. The book is particularly daring in dealing with theological issues but theology becomes another element of the mystery, even as Holdfast Gaines emerges as the symbol of this vast unity of races, faiths and aspirations, which is America.

The story itself is a masterpiece in which are mingled the rivers of the continent, the lights and shadows of the East and the West, the loves and hates, the gentleness and the strength of pioneer men, who conquered the wilderness, and of the women who matched them. It is a book of dreams that became visions, and of visions that came alive on land and sea in the pioneer glory of America.



Into Tomorrow

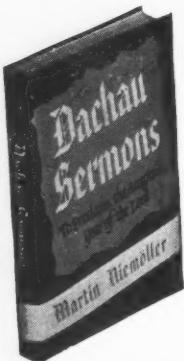
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"Don't die young," begins Dr. Wicker, as he launches into a merry recounting of the events, personalities, and places that have crowded his life. Wit, good humor, and a colossal zest for living stamp every page of his memoirs—a tonic if you are nineteen or ninety.

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The heroic biographical novel, *A STAR POINTED NORTH*, by Edmund Fuller, is the story of Frederick Douglass, a slave boy who escaped the torture of his masters to become one of the supreme figures of the abolition movement. Seldom have I read a more human and thrilling tale and, though historically accurate, the book is dramatic and powerful fiction. The love story is exquisitely beautiful. Douglass, then the eighteen-year-old slave called Fred Bailey, met Anna in Baltimore. She was free but she loved the bruised and battered slave and when he escaped, she followed him into the North. She bore his children and though at times she bitterly opposed his changing plans, she was the steadfast rock upon which he stood.

Never before has a career of the black Demosthenes been evaluated as on these pages. His friendship with Garrison and Wendell Phillips and their unhealed breach, his flight to England and the return, his bitterly discussed relations with the English sisters, his friendship with John Brown and his refusal to go to Martins Ferry, his talks with Abraham Lincoln and his founding of *The North Star*, make thrilling and poignant reading. No other volume rivals this in background material for study of pre-Civil War days. Nowhere also have I found so revealing a picture of the anti-abolition movement of the North. Here again one finds the unnecessary oaths, though not many of them, that mar a book and give it less than universal acceptance. The thing has become the thing to do, and so it is done. But the masters, who also were realists, didn't do it!

Eric Sevareid's *NOT SO WILD A DREAM* is a mature and encyclopedic summary of, and philosophical dissertation on, the times in which we live. But lest you be turned aside, the book is worth reading for the sheer beauty and liquid eloquence of the writing. Here is a looking-glass in which you may see yourself if ever you have dreamed and hoped; if ever you have hungered for that new era of the soul. The author has been one of our finest political and war reporters both at home and abroad. He reports now on what he has seen but chiefly he reports on himself—from his childhood days on the prairies, to the present with its unpredictable tomorrow.

And is not this the ultimate wisdom for man in the atomic age: "For if I have learned anything, I have learned the great and obvious fact that the decisive desire of men is not for peace, however deep their longing, but for life and dignity, the sense of which burns, however feebly, in every man, however humble his status or obscure his place upon the earth." And here is his final theme song, "The folks are about the same—and that is the basic fact in the wonderful hope." The realism of the volume will sometimes dismay you and will undoubtedly offend you, and I turn from some of the passages with regret. The book does "illumine our time" until the attitudes, the emotions and the frustrations of a whole generation come alive.

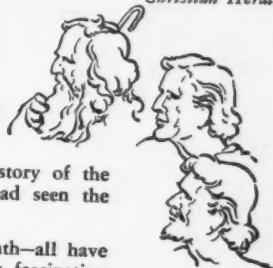
When your doctor writes about you, you might wish to be dead! But President Roosevelt's doctor was also his intimate friend. Vice-Admiral Ross T. Mc-

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Intire, in his book **WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN**, makes clear the fact that he not only took the President's physical pulse but that he kept an emotional and even spiritual gauge upon his life. The heart of the book is the President's gallant and successful struggle to overcome physical infirmity. I knew before I read "White House Physician" that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was one of the bravest humans who ever lived. Now I have additional and poignant evidence. Some of the intimate matters that this author discusses are Roosevelt's "almost refusal" to run in 1940, why he dropped Wallace for Truman, what he thought about Chiang Kai-shek and the future of China, why he selected Eisenhower, what he thought about strikes, how he felt toward England and the English, and the place of Mrs. Roosevelt in the life and leadership of her husband.

HOLDFAST GAINES, by Odell Shepard and Willard Shepard. (Macmillan, 647 pp., \$3.00)

A STAR POINTED NORTH, by Edmund Fuller. (Harper, 361 pp., \$2.75)

NOT SO WILD A DREAM, by Eric Sevareid. (Knopf, 516 pp., \$3.50)

WHITE HOUSE PHYSICIAN, by Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire. (Putnam, 244 pp., \$3.00)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TOGETHER, by Katherine Tupper Marshall. (Tupper & Love, 292 pp., \$3.50) With the eloquence of unadorned simplicity, the wife of General George C. Marshall, writes one of the biographies of any year. I picked this up with a yawn which never had a brother! On the second page I found this: "My first impressions was of a tall, slender man . . . he refused the cocktails when they were served and this attracted my interest for it was in Prohibition times when the main topic of conversation was 'How do you make your gin?' I said, 'You're a rather unusual Army Officer, aren't you?' He asked agreeably how many I knew." I never yawned again—and completely helpless, I read on. Across these pages World War II, slowly and painfully at first but with constantly accelerating speed, moves on to its final triumphs. Here is a record of Army life that is the story of a fine American home. The humor may be subtle or smashing but it never fails.

The sentences in which the writer describes the death of her son in action have not been surpassed. As to her hero, for her husband is that. George Marshall is given the full stature of greatness that is beyond debate. The illustrations are particularly appropriate and neither in pictures nor in prose does this general qualify as a "brass hat." Once when husband and wife stopped for gas, after the general was out of uniform, his car was crowded out by two GI's who were making an impression on their girl friends. Mrs. Marshall writes: "Finally George leaned out and asked 'Will you please move your car so I can get clear?' The soldiers gave him one glance and turned back to the girls and continued their discussion." Then later, "One of the boys stopped, leaned in our car and said, 'Keep your shirt on, buddy, just keep

your shirt on.' When we got home about fifteen minutes later, I explained our delay to Molly who asked, 'What did "Colonel" do?' I said, 'He kept his shirt on.'" Ladies and gentlemen, I give you George C. Marshall as Katherine Tupper Marshall has given him to me. Believe me, he is some man and she is some woman!

MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE, by T. H. White. (Putnam, 255 pp., \$2.75) As fanciful and almost as universal as "Alice in Wonderland." Also it is strictly modern without being offensive. You and your children or the children of your friends will love it.

WHITE MAN, by Peter Freuchen. (Rinehart, 275 pp., \$2.50) A saga of Greenland and the story of Denmark's greatest missionary builder. I have not read in any year a more rugged and dramatic, a more elemental tale. Even when it offends, it "hurts to heal." Perhaps the most authentic historical novel of the year.

THE ARAB AWAKENING, by George Antonius. (Putnam, 471 pp., \$4.50) For the first time the story of the Arab national movement has been written. Here is the Arab's case against Zionism. Dramatic, generally factual and deeply moving, for me it fails to be convincing. The author writes: "No code of morals can justify the persecution of one people in an attempt to relieve the persecution of another," and "Cure for the eviction of Jews from Germany is not to be sought in the eviction of Arabs from their homeland." In such manner the author misstates the case and clouds the issue. To the dispersed Jew, Palestine is the last and only, while for the Arab there are other vast areas, nor would Zionism displace any Jew now resident in Palestine.

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW, by Frances Perkins. (Viking, 408 pp., \$3.75) To date this is the best Roosevelt book, and I include in my list the very remarkable volume from the pen of son Elliott. Particularly impressive is the author's story of the personal development of Franklin D. Roosevelt's liberal leadership. Here is the factual but always impressively personal evolution of one of the world's preeminent figures. The illustrations are all timely and some have seldom been seen before. The author is a sound reporter. Also she has done something that she did not plan—reveal herself as a great woman.

THE BORDER LORD, by Jan Westcott. (Crown, 464 pp., \$3.00) An historical novel in the grand manner. Francis Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the uncrowned King of Scotland in the 1590's is the hero of a wild and lusty story. Patrick Galbraith was both Bothwell's ally and critic—once they almost destroyed each other. Anne of the golden hair, is no chaste and modest heroine and the women generally, in the times that come alive on these pages, were at first wives without benefit of clergy. But even in this there is a great gulf fixed between the lewdness of some contemporary novels and the realism of "The Border Lord." Even so, the realism could



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They had no church connection—they were too poor and shabby to go to church, the mother said. In our Mission Chapel—this father and mother found Christ; they took Him to their home and to their boys. The father has stopped drinking—once more he is back at his work designing and building homes.

Neither Government nor local help of any kind makes the work of the Bowery Mission possible—everything we do for men who come to us from all parts of the country is done by the readers of Christian Herald and their friends. Without you these men are lost to sin and its penalties.

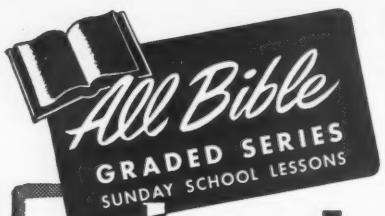


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have been just as real if done with greater finesse. The literary meat axe, however accurate and honest, does not belong in this writer's fine hand. Finally, courage prevails over impossible circumstances. Yes, clearly this historical novel is in the grand style.

THE YELLOW LEAF, by Mort Friedlander. (A. A. Wyn, 185 pp., \$2.00) This is the psychological novel at its best; a story that does not have an unclear thing in it. It does dramatize humble life and interpret the minds and souls of simple people until they live and move and have their being in our thoughts. The book comes out of an old people's home but it is something for youth to read.

BEYOND THIS DARKNESS, by Roger L. Shinn. (Association Press, 86 pp., \$1.00) These pages are filled with living events that have strengthened the faith of Christians of our time. It evaluates the past, lives in the present and reaches strong hands to the future. Here is the heart of the book: "In the Son we have seen the Father. He is the Lord of Heaven and Earth in whom faith sees the truth beyond despair."

B. F.'S DAUGHTER, by John P. Marquand. (Little, Brown, 439 pp., \$2.75) The psychological novel at its best and greatest. You may decide as this reviewer has, that the master writer of this story could have selected a better vehicle and you may regret portions of what he has written, but you will hardly raise the question of his greatness. As is the case with so many best-sellers of our time, this novel is not for church libraries.

THIEVES IN THE NIGHT, by Arthur Koestler. (Macmillan, 357 pp., \$2.75) An absorbing, terrifying, heart-breaking story of Palestine's underground. Perhaps the story should be told but I fear that telling it in this fashion will not help the cause for which so many of the brave have suffered and died. I hope that I am mistaken.

BEETHOVEN, MASTER MUSICIAN, by Madeleine B. Goss. (Holt, 364 pp., \$3.00) We've loved Beethoven's music for years, but we never quite appreciated Beethoven the man until we read this. His courage is thunder, his artistry lightning; both stand clearly outlined in this magnificent book. The contemporary portraits are almost as good; we hope the author will do them at full-length, later. F. S. M.

THE LEACOCK ROUNDABOUT, by Stephen Leacock. (Dodd, Mead, 422 pp., \$3.50) This is a treasury of the best works of the late lamented Canadian humorist, Stephen Leacock. His fans will love it; those who haven't met him are in for a treat. We loved every word of it, and we had read many before! F. S. M.

HOW TO LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN, by C. V. R. Thompson. (Putnam, 207 pp., \$2.00) The author tries to be funny and isn't. Aside from that, and a little quite unnecessary profanity, the book is good light reading in improved public relations between two mutually misunderstood people. F. S. M.

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begin younger than that! An earnest teacher of ten-year-olds writes for tithing literature for them. "I feel the principles of stewardship cannot be taught at too early an age," she explains.

A tithing mother helps a five-year-old daughter to crayon "For God, with Love," on an envelope containing a dime—the child's tithe of a dollar bill slipped her by a doting grandpa.

Another reader, who introduces herself as "Just a Bible-school teacher," tells how she was elected to substitute for the minister when he sickened just before the Sunday service. So she talked about tithing!

Physicians are well represented in this tidal wave of letters. An Indiana doctor's wife writes:

Just before we received this copy of CHRISTIAN HERALD, the women of the M. E. church were having a meeting, trying to find ways to support the church. I turned to the lady next to me and said if everyone gave their tithe, we wouldn't need this meeting! I want to know more of this tithing business.

She is not alone in that! Literally thousands of the Tither Keyes' booklet, "A Partnership With God," have been mailed to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers since the article appeared. They have been distributed by great mission and church boards; by conference chairmen; by directors of education; by presidents of business and professional men's organizations; by boards of trustees; stewardship committees; young people's societies; countless ministers and Sunday-school teachers—and, of course, by hosts of "just folks" who believe in tithing, and use their scant leisure to convert others.

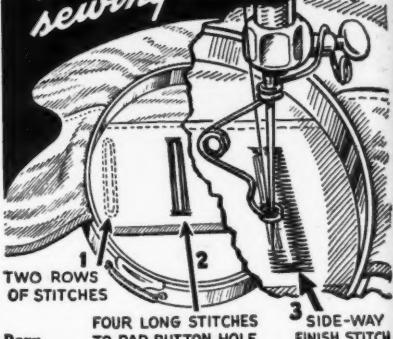
They are such dauntless souls, these tithers! Here's a letter telling of a humble church burnt to the ground. The members are meeting in the schoolhouse and tithing for a new church roof over their heads. And here's a letter from a teacher in a Sunday school where four big classes, including her own, meet in one small room. She is launching a tithing campaign for an adequate building. "Yours for more tithers," is her staunch signature.

Tithers, all! From hundreds of groups, no two alike, all prayerfully working for the same Kingdom! "It doesn't matter that we belong to different churches," writes a Texas reader, "as our viewpoints on stewardship are the same." Another reader, with the same thought, writes, "You may never know the boundless reach of your light! Every moment, all the day, comes a keener sense of gratitude for our one-ness in God."

The faithless radio preacher's voice is lost in the great "Amen" that goes up from thousands of the Lord's partners whose daily lives testify that the Church is still a vital force in the world, and that God is still in His Heaven.

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(Continued from page 32)

busy with supper. Three bucks swung from a limb of a great white oak near the cabin, heads down, motionless as the gray moss. Four cars were parked beyond the white oak.

As Andy drew nearer, he could hear men laughing and talking in there. Drinking, he reckoned. When he was a few yards from the campfire, he looked at the horses more closely and saw that one was rangy and black, with grayish-white saddle marks on him, showing that he had been hard-ridden. Sig Flanagan's horse.

The cabin door opened and a man came out. Andy recognized him as a member of the party that had roused him from bed before dawn that morning. Five more men came out. One was the short, thick fellow who had made a show of wanting to fight Andy early that morning. Another was Sheriff Martin, Andy guessed, for he wore a star on his vest. He was a florid, portly man of fifty-something, with heavy features, except for his small, almost petulant, mouth. Behind him stood the tall, powerful figure of a man with black hair, swarthy face. His eyes were small and quick and dark, his nose high-bridged and noticeably thin in contrast to the broadness of his face, his mouth wide and thin-lipped, cruel. Sig Flanagan.

"Sheriff Martin?" Andy said by way of opening matters.

"Hello," the officer replied pleasantly enough. "We've just had a little appetizer to make a good supper better. Won't you take one? Come in and—"

"Thanks," Andy said, "but I don't indulge. I came to see you about—"

"Don't indulge, he says," Sig Flanagan interrupted. "Maybe he'd like a bottle of beer. How about it, Ives? Have a beer. Be sociable. You're among friends."

"Thanks," Andy said, "but I don't care a thing about beer. I'm pleased to know I'm among friends, though." He turned to the sheriff again, started to speak.

"Sure, you're 'mong friends," Flanagan cut in, his speech growing less clear-cut, for his drinks were taking effect. "We're ev'body's friends, hey, sheriff?"

Sheriff Martin nodded. "That's right, Sig." He waved his cigar, laughed quickly, the tone of his laugh much higher than that of his speech. "I've got to be everybody's friend, or I'd be out of a job!"

"Sheriff, I've just moved into this section, and I'm very anxious to be friendly with everybody too, but when a man shoots—"

"So, you're a donator," Sheriff Martin said slowly, his face losing the friendliness that had at first reassured Andy. "You're the one who took up the quarter section where we used to camp."

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"I'm the one," Andy said. "I moved here in the hope of owning a peaceful farm and a place I'd be proud of. But I understand now that it's easy to have trouble here. This afternoon a man shot a load of buckshot into the west end of my house. I don't like that."

Sig Flanagan moved forward, standing beside the sheriff. His eyes were black and hard as he studied Andy; the left corner of his thin mouth twitched a little.

"A man shot your house," the sheriff said slowly. "Surely it was an accident."

"I don't think so," Andy told him. "The man was on a horse, chasing a deer. If he had shot at the deer—which happened to be a doe—the charge would have gone into the ground instead of into my wall ten feet above the ground."

Sheriff Martin nodded. "That's logical. Now, who could have done a trick like that?" He laughed again in the high-pitched tone. "What a hunter! Missed a deer and shoots a house! Don't know a deer from a house!" He nudged Sig Flanagan.

"I was the one that shot the house," said Sig Flanagan, looking narrowly at Andy. "Must be that a limb knocked my gun up a little just as I pulled the trigger. Didn't shoot a hole through the wall, did I?"

"No." Andy faced him, saw smoldering anger in the man's eyes, saw the thin mouth twitching at almost perfectly regular intervals. "I'd rather you wouldn't shoot when you're so close to my house."

"S'pose I do?" Flanagan's voice was tight.

"There'll be trouble," Andy told him. "I'll shoot when and where I please!" Flanagan said. His long, thick fingers were working nervously, and his black eyes seemed deeper set, drawn in by rage. "I'll shoot—"

"There are laws protecting homes," Andy said, "but I don't want to move in here and start 'lawing.' I've always got along with people, and I want to keep it up; but no man can make a practice of shooting my house."

Sig Flanagan growled thickly and started toward Andy. "I don't take threats from smart alecks like you!" he snarled. "I'll make you wish I'd shot the wall in, with you under it!"

"Wait, Sig," Sheriff Martin said quickly, catching his arm. "I'll take care of this."

Andy stood very still, tensed for the threatened onslaught. He knew that Flanagan could give him a terrific beating, for the man was powerful and driven by a fierce temper. But he stood still, ready to take what he had to and to give all he could.

Sig Flanagan faced Andy, across the sheriff's shoulder. He was mouthing soft curses, weaving unsteadily. "We'll meet again," he said. "I'll make you wish you'd stayed home and played marbles with the buckshot I put in your wall!"

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Then he turned and went into the cabin.

"Of course, Mr. Ives," the sheriff said soothily, "it was an accident. Sig wouldn't have had any reason to shoot your house, I'm sure."

"Well, I hope not," Andy said, "but I can't see how he happened to shoot it at all. Look, sheriff, I've never liked to see land posted against hunting unless there's a mighty good reason for it. Still, a man can't have things like this happening. You understand that, I know."

"Oh, sure! Sure, Ives. Very disturbing." He looked narrowly at Andy, then away. "And as for posting your land, I hardly think that necessary. We deer hunters aren't a bad lot, after all. And, too, it would just make a lot of trouble for you."

"What kind of trouble?" Andy inquired.

"Well, it happens that the authorities you'd appeal to in case of violations wouldn't be interested in helping you out. My deputies are all deer-hunters. The game warden is one too. The prosecuting attorney of the county is in camp here with us." He nodded toward the cabin. "Taking a nap right now. You see how it is."

"I see," Andy said slowly. "Thanks."

"Welcome, Ives. And another bit of advice: Don't be too quick to have trouble with Sig Flanagan. He's a tough customer when he's riled."

"I can't help how tough he is," Andy declared. "When I think I'm right about something, I have to go ahead."

When he left the camp, Andy knew that he had accomplished little good by coming. He knew he had laid the way open for future trouble with Sig Flanagan. On the other hand, he felt that he had established himself as a man who would stand up for his rights. Maybe that was bad, too, but it made him feel better to know that he had taken his stand and said his say.

The sun was setting when he crossed the bridge and headed east.

"Wait, an' I'll walk with you," someone called. "Just happened to mosey down this way."

It was Mr. Flipp. He was emerging from a clump of sumac near the bank of the bayou, carrying his rifle loosely in the curve of his right arm. The two fox squirrels swung from his belt, revealing that he hadn't been to his cabin since leaving the Ives premises.

"Hello," Andy greeted him. "Wasn't looking for you down here."

Mr. Flipp asked no questions as they walked along the dim road through the woods. Andy knew that he had come down here to help him in case he needed it. Mr. Flipp must have been concealed across the bayou from the hunters' camp, listening to the conversations.

"I got along all right," said Andy. "That's good."



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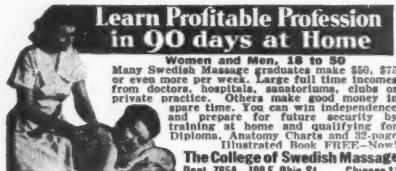


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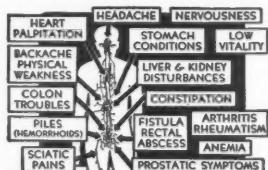


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"Sheriff Martin doesn't seem to be a bad fellow."

Absalom spat. "Dang' politician!" he said sadly. "Slicker'n owl grease in August."

"Well, I can see why some of the Newcastle folks feel the way they do about us," Andy said. "Their families have been here for years; their grandfathers opened up the country. We're newcomers."

"That don't make us bad people, though," Mr. Flipp pointed out. "If they wasn't no newcomers to a place, it'd stagnate like a slough with no fresh water comin' into it."

Andy nodded, struck by the aptness of the figure. He wanted to thank his gaunt companion for being near at hand when trouble threatened, but he didn't know just how to go about it. He was sure that Mr. Flipp wanted him to think their meeting at the bridge purely accidental. So he said nothing.

"Sheriff Martin didn't come from one of the fine ol' fam'lies," Mr. Flipp said. "He gits his power through the machine he's built up durin' the last twelve years."

"Why doesn't some good man run for office?" Andy asked. "That Martin outfit shouldn't be allowed to hold onto things forever."

Absalom Flipp shook his head slowly. "Good men don't want the kind of politics they'd have to play to fight the ring."

(To be continued)

PILGRIMAGE IN A HAIR SHIRT

(Continued from page 29)

smell had just about gotten me down. I was glad to have been willing to leave my own home and my soft way of life, quite without any outer compulsion, even if all I could do was to feed and water some horses to help till the fields that will feed the hungry children of Poland.

So it was for me a pilgrimage. The fact that for others it was something different didn't matter to me. You remember the story of the three workmen on the same job who were asked what they were making? One said, "I'm making ten dollars a day." The second said, "I'm making a living for myself and my family." The third said, "I'm helping to make a temple to God." Well, I was making a pilgrimage.

A "pilgrimage" is defined as "a journey undertaken from religious motives to some place reputed as sacred," that is, where God is peculiarly present. Well, surely the Lord Christ is to be found wherever there are hungry children and barefooted people in rags. I believe we should have a return to the kind of religion that calls for participation in such religious enterprises. There was something decidedly good for my soul when my joints and muscles began to talk back to me. I must acknowledge some

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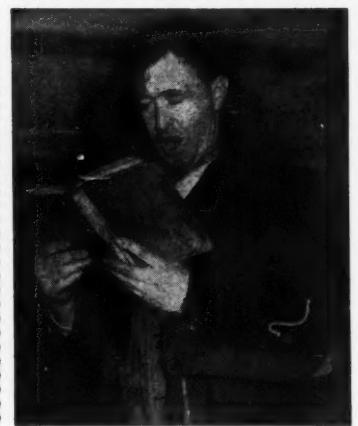
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completely unreligious satisfaction in the simple fact that I was able—at my advanced age—to endure even such minor hardships.

In olden days, folks in search of holiness often wore hair shirts to remind themselves painfully of their need for grace. I still can't see the value in a hair shirt as such, but I believe there is a great value for the soul in accepting voluntary discomforts to relieve the suffering that others have been forced to accept.

All of this may sound uneconomical and inefficient, but perhaps this is part of the wisdom of God that is foolishness to the wise. Maybe the efficient way is always to give money and hope that it will be spent with wisdom and thrift and accomplish more good—by employing experts—than we could accomplish with our bumbling and inept hands. But I am persuaded that you miss something in your soul when you do not take part in the actual work of relieving the suffering. You can't delegate all of the drudgery and come off with a clean soul. I think it takes some dirt on your hands to keep your soul clean when there is so much suffering in the world.

This isn't a plea that you should apply now to work as a seagoing cowboy. By the time you read this, the Church of the Brethren may not be asking for any more of this kind of help. Then, too, you may lack some of my advantages. You may not have been raised on a ranch in Texas and remember so clearly your skills of thirty years gone. And you may not have the good fortune of being able to stretch out such a vacation period. But don't kid yourself with any such excuses. There are things that you can do, and I do mean DO!

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* * *

I never realized before that it was only after he had bound up the poor man's wounds that the Good Samaritan paid out any money. I wonder if, in our passion for social justice and good organization in charity, we haven't forgotten a very basic need for personal religious living—the actual participation in the relief of suffering.

I can offer it as my personal testimony that one can draw strangely near to God with a pitchfork in his hands, up to his knees in dirt, and with the ship rolling in those disconcerting swells that make you keep one eye on the nearest vacant spot at the rail. You too can if you're making a pilgrimage—especially if it's in a hair shirt.

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Picture of the Month

Film reviews and ratings by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

ENTERTAINMENT movies being what they are, it is not often that the reviewers of the Protestant Motion Picture Council go completely and unanimously "overboard" for a film. Even many of the features meriting choice as Pictures of the Month have to be commended with reservations.

It is a delight, therefore, to come upon a motion picture so perfectly *right* for our kind of audience as "The Yearling." From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Director Clarence Brown the Council withholds none of the plaudits so eminently their due for bringing forth a film of such surpassing beauty, warmly human drama, and stirring vital actor-performance.

The Pulitzer prize-winning novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings is a timeless and universally appealing story. It had to be, or it would not have rung up the resounding sale of more than 700,000 copies. It had to be or it would not today be cherished by readers in ten languages. Yet experience has taught us all that the best books, like the best-laid plans of mice and men, "gang aft a-gley" in their transmutation from printed page to silver screen. That does not happen here.

Premature though its candidacy may be, we unhesitatingly make "The Yearling" our entry for The Picture of the Year. Hollywood will be hard pressed to produce a better one during 1947. And film-goers everywhere will go far to find an abler performance than that given by the lad who plays "Jody." He is 12-year-old Claude Jarman, Jr. You've not seen him before, for this is his first time before a motion-picture camera. And he comes out of a background as foreign to Hollywood's tinselled terrain as an Iowa cornfield is remote from Times Square.

There's quite a story connected with his discovery. It came at the end of a six-months' scouring of eight Southern states, during which some 12,000 youngsters were interviewed by MGM's scouts. Director Brown himself got into the search. While others roamed the hinterlands, he went through the South's principal cities, posing as a public schools building inspector.

"THE YEARLING"

NOT IN MANY A MOON HAS THE MOVIE-GOING PUBLIC BEEN PROVIDED WITH SO COMPLETELY ABSORBING AND BEAUTIFUL A FILM AS THIS CLASSIC OF AMERICAN PIONEERING LIFE.



In a huddle here are the three main characters of "The Yearling": Gregory Peck as "Penny Baxter," Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody," and his pet "Flag."

Then, in a Nashville grade school, he stumbled onto the boy he instinctively knew was his "Jody." Young Claude Jarman was captain of his basketball team and co-captain of the football squad, with a heart full of love for animals and a mouth full of just the right Southern accent.

Like the search for a star, the making of "The Yearling" is a triumph against odds of formidable proportions. It had to be made in northern Florida, 3000 miles from the studio's home base—not the Florida of Palm Beach and Miami, but deep in the wildly beautiful "scrub" country which modern civilization hath not corrupted nor tourists broken through to covet. In this tropical jungle-land, the 125 members of cast and crew took over a 300,000-acre tract—when the tract was not taking them over. Actors who thought they were temperamental gained lessons in temperamentality from sudden squalls, mosquito visitations, chills and fever, and other vagaries of nature in the raw.

Though not an animal picture in the sense of "Sequoia" or "Bambi," animals

and their habitat were essential to the plot—especially the fawn "Flag" which Jody adopts for a pet. The herd of trained animals developed prima-donna proclivities and sudden ability to "go stale"; they had to have stand-ins the same as their human fellow actors, and revealed touchy personality traits that made the movie actors look like tamed tabby cats by comparison. To get the picture right, young Claude worked daily for months with the animals, feeding them, romping with them, making them his friends. Only thus could the sequences involving them be made realistic.

Director Brown insisted on the same realism everywhere. The Baxter farm was carefully planted to specifications, and to give the shack and farm buildings a lived-in appearance, a succession of "cracker" families were hired to occupy them for months. The trading town of Volusia on the St. John's River had to be recreated as described by old-timers who remembered it before it disintegrated.

In addition to this film's artistry in photography, the musical score by Her-

bert Stothart and the MGM Symphony Orchestra contributes its part to the unity of mood induced by the story. Recurring with pleasurable frequency is a theme from Frederick Delius' "Appalachia"—appropriate not alone because the music fits the picture like a glove but because Delius knew this country as well as his native land, having left his dark Yorkshire home to go to Florida to grow oranges and nurture his genius.

As the father of the sensitive Jody, Gregory Peck beautifully portrays the quiet spiritual strength of Ezra Baxter, his appreciation for the mercies of Providence and his courage in adversity. Jane Wyman is no whit less capable as Ora Baxter, making believable the devastating grief of a mother whom sorrow has bruised so often that she is afraid to open her heart to love lest her patient husband and her one remaining child should also be taken from her.

How the three Baxters, living out their lives in one of America's last and least known frontiers, triumph over their individual problems and finally merge into a compact family unit facing life with mutual understanding and hearts unafraid—that makes the story of "The Yearling." And unless we have completely misjudged your tastes and responses, we are confident that you, after seeing this film, will adjudge it a rich and rewarding human experience.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability

A—Adults; YP—Young People; F—Family.

SONG OF THE SOUTH. (RKO). Smoothly and entertainingly combining "live action" and "animation," this latest Walt Disney feature is based on "The Tales of Uncle Remus" by Joel Chandler Harris. The proportion is about two-thirds human performance and one-third cartoon. Wholesome and universal in appeal, "Song of the South" is good family fare; the children will love it. In the live-action sequences, Bobby Driscoll is the little boy on his grandmother's plantation; James Baskett plays the part of Uncle Remus whose tales are told, in cartoon sequence, to help Bobby understand and meet his problems.

GALLANT BESS. (MGM). Pleasing in many ways, this rather excessively emotional melodrama tells the story of a young man's love for his horse. Inducted into the Navy during the war, the boy "Tex" leaves his mare "Bess" in the hands of a neighbor. On leave from the Seabees, Tex arrives home in time to see Bess die. Bitter months later, with his outfit in the South Pacific, he finds a wounded mare in the jungle—and she becomes the company mascot and saves his life. In the film is presented the concept of God's adequacy for man's extremity—unfortunately countered, however, by the "fetish" status attributed to the horse. If you can swallow that—and the film's occasionally maudlin spots—you'll enjoy the rest.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. (Universal). Produced by the British studio Eagle-Lion, this story upholds faithfulness, courage and integrity, possesses great artistic and dramatic values in a quiet and satisfying way. It has to do with a woman

(Valerie Hobson) who, inconsolable at the reported death of her husband, discovers new vistas of usefulness when she is persuaded to stand for her husband's seat in Parliament—and is elected. Complications ensue when her husband (Michael Redgrave) returns and each finds the other changed by "the years between." How they face their difficult situation and make a new and abundant life together again is forcefully and beautifully told.

A YP

TEMPTATION. (Universal). Based on the novel "Bella Donna" by Robert Hichens, this is a forceful retelling of the old dramatic story of evil finally destroying itself. Well acted by Merle Oberon and George Brent, it balances a woman's deception and a fortune-seeker's greed and immorality against the love, honesty and trust of a good man.

A

DECEPTION. (Warner). For more of the same as above, only even more skillfully acted and more crushing in its lesson about the wages of sin, there is this film featuring Bette Davis, Claude Rains and Paul Henreid. "Deception" deals with a talented pianist whose past catches up with her. Acted with impressive sincerity, this play shows the cumulative effects of wrong thinking and living. By contrast, the accent on the power of honesty is inescapable. For mature adults only.

A

THE MIGHTY McGURK. (MGM). Wallace Beery again plays a tough character with a heart of gold. As bouncer in Edward Arnold's Bowery saloon, he finds himself a part of his boss' plot to take over a Salvation Army hall for a bigger and better liquor dispensary—in total disregard of the love of Cameron Mitchell, young Salvation Army leader, for Arnold's pretty daughter, Dorothy Patrick. Further helping in Beery's redemption is a young English orphan, Dean Stockwell. When things finally unwind, Beery is a changed character, the Army's cause is saved, and young love is the winner. Good family entertainment.

F

UNDERCURRENT. (MGM). A psychological drama, overlong and overwrought, bringing back to the screen Robert Taylor and Katherine Hepburn. The plot revolves around a young bride's attempt to discover the mystery of her husband's missing brother, the mention of whose name drives her husband into fits of anger and cruelty. The crisis is as cruel as it is dramatic, and though the sun shines at the end, the clouds and storms pervading most of the picture leave you depressed and weary of the whole affair.

A

NOCTURNE. (RKO). A murder mystery which is poor entertainment, to say nothing of being shy on morals. By a process of elimination of the many loves of a slain musician, a clever detective (George Raft) expects to solve the crime. He does, but not as expected. Good photography, lighting and music cannot make this acceptable in view of the "how" of crime being too much in evidence.

A

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE. (20th Cent.-Fox). An ambitious Western with some fine scenery and good mu-

sic, but unsuitable for younger audiences. The notable cast—Henry Fonda, Walter Brennan, Linda Darnell and others—is wasted in a picture spoiled by questionable ethics and too much drinking, killing and shooting. Among the scenes objectionable to our reviewers is one of a gospel service which, because there is no regular minister at the laying of a church cornerstone, is turned into a dance of doubtful taste.

A

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER. (Warner). John Garfield plays a gangster who in war learned the value of life and the solidarity of suffering people, but who, returned to civilian life, forgets all this to engage again in crime. Though he reforms toward the end, after gaining the love of a woman he planned to defraud (Gertrude Fitzgerald) and helps rid the world of some of his unsavory associates, he still has to prove that he can be an asset to society.

A

HOME IN OKLAHOMA. (Republic). A hard-riding, hard-fighting Western involving a newspaper editor (Roy Rogers) and his attempts, abetted by lady reporter, Dale Evans, to solve some foul play against a wealthy ranch owner.

A YP

THE PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY. (Republic). Another version of the establishment of the Pony Express, this rugged picture of rough and tough life and death on the trail presents Joseph Schildkraut, William Elliott and Vera Ralston. A minor patriotic strain is some help, if you can overlook the hero being a gambler, his partner a heavy drinker, and a woman causing her husband's death hoping to profit thereby.

A YP

Previously Reviewed and Rated:

Anna and the King of Siam F; Smoky F; O.S.S. F; Dressed to Kill F; The Searching Wind A; Two Smart People A, YP; Somewhere in the Night A; One More Tomorrow A, YP; Till the End of Time A, YP; Dead of Night A, YP; Centennial Summer F; Three Wise Fools F; Specter of the Rose A; Monsieur Beaucaire F; Little Mister Jim F; Sister Kenny F; Claudia and David F; Two Years Before the Mast F; Canyon Passage F; Caesar and Cleopatra F; They Were Sisters A; Of Human Bondage A; Strange Love of Martha Ivers A; Notorious A; Swampfire F; It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog A, YP; Angel on My Shoulder A; Holiday in Mexico F; Cross My Heart A, YP; Notorious Gentleman A; Black Beauty F; Criminal Court A, YP; The Time of Their Lives F; Personality Kid F; The Great Day F; Night and Day F; Blue Skies F; Home Sweet Homicide F; The Perfect Marriage A, YP; Black Angel A; Shadowed F; Abie's Irish Rose F; Rustlers' Roundup F; Lawless Breed F; Little Iodine F; Dick Tracy Vs. Cueball A, YP; Gunman's Code F; Margie F; The Jolson Story F; Child of Divorce F; Gallant Journey F; Three Little Girls in Blue F; The Dark Mirror A; Brief Encounter A, YP; Mr. Ace A, YP; The Cockeyed Miracle A, YP; I've Always Loved You F; The Show-Off F; Cloak and Dagger A, YP; White Tie and Tails A, YP; Roll on Texas Moon F; It's Great To Be Young A, YP; Little Miss Big F; Two Guys From Milwaukee A, YP; No Leave, No Love A, YP.



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THE HOUSE ON 46TH STREET

(Continued from page 37)

awareness when he thought it all over. A man must have something to live for—a goal, he told himself. He'd had that goal in his college days, now and again in his business life, certainly in the war, and certainly too in the girl who believed in him and had waited for him—as long as her life would let her. But now—he had nothing. Yet a man clings to life, even when he has nothing to live for. Suicide? Of course he'd considered it, especially when he thought of the disgrace he was to his family. But suicide takes a brave man—or a crazy one. Smith was neither that brave nor that crazy. Yet there were nights when he would stagger down to the East River, gaze for hours into its dark-running waters, and wish he had the nerve.

Then one night, on the way to find some means of acquiring the drink for which his system craved, he wandered past the Mission. He remembered the invitation to come back to services. There was a service going on now. He turned in—and he came back night after night, drawn by the cheerfulness and optimistic messages on plentiful tap here. He was especially intrigued by the testimonies of the converts, men who claimed to have been once as hopeless as he, men who claimed to have found Divine strength—and hope.

Each night he would avoid his pals, and would wander off by himself, to think the thing out. No emotionalist, he refused to commit himself to this unknown way at an eager plunge. Then, suddenly, after leaving the meeting early to walk alone, he made up his mind—and almost ran back to the Mission. Superintendent George Bolton had just completed his sermon, and the invitation to the altar was being given. Smith walked resolutely down the long aisle . . .

* * *

How long he stayed at that altar he doesn't know. He thinks it must have been a long while. But suddenly it happened. A feeling of new strength flowing into him, of a new Companion moving into his heart, came over him. And all at once he realized that this was "conversion," that he had been "made anew" and that in his strange new strength he could conquer the thing that had been conquering him.

That was quite a while ago. Smith has not taken—nor wanted to take—a drink since. Cleaned up inside and out, he was helped to a position by the Mission's employment service. Nothing fancy, just a job as porter and assistant to the pharmacist at a New York hospital. But it was enough to get a toehold on the road back.

Smith stayed on at the Servicemen's Dormitory at the Mission, working days and devoting his nights to helping others like himself at the meetings. Then, just when he began to understand that he



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would have to get away from the Bowery eventually if he was to make his rehabilitation complete. CHRISTIAN HERALD acquired the uptown place. And that's the end of the story—thus far.

New chapters are ahead. New hope and new horizons are opening. Smith is most definitely on the road back! And, he says, "I'm not traveling alone any more!"

* * *

That's just one story of the many, many you can hear down at the Bowery and uptown at the House on 46th Street. But perhaps it will tell you something of the need for this House—a need George Bolton and the CHRISTIAN HERALD people have longed to meet for years.

This uptown outpost of Bowery Mission is, as we have said, something new in rescue mission work. It answers a great need—the need of men who, once converted and set on their feet, need to get off the Bowery, need to get away from the surroundings that witnessed and contributed to their defeat.

That's understandable, isn't it? True enough, the Mission is an island of new life, standing like a rockhewn fortress in a sea of evil and temptation and misery. Within it a man is safe—safe and surrounded by everything uplifting. But a man cannot stay within forever.

But where shall he go? Uptown? Even when rooms are available in jammed New York, rents are prohibitive. And often the places he can find and afford are in neighborhoods not much better than the Bowery—places where temptations, especially those that go with loneliness, beleaguer him from every hand. In the past men too often have gone uptown with high hopes and strong resolves, only to be crushed beneath the weight of temptation and hurled back into the Bowery's cauldron again.

It is the purpose of this new venture to cut that possibility to a minimum. The requirements for admission to the House on 46th Street are strict: a man must be a convert, and he must give enough promise of negotiating the Road Back to warrant this investment in him. His continued residence at the House is determined by the progress he is making. He cannot stay indefinitely, for room must be made for others on the Road Back. But he may stay until he feels he can "make it." He will pay a little for his room—not much, but according to his ability, and just enough to keep alight the new fire of self-reliance and independence the true man-in-the-making must have flaring within him to keep his soul warm.

Hundreds of men will pass into and out of The House on 46th Street in the coming months. On CHRISTIAN HERALD'S part, it has been a venture of faith—faith in the idea, faith in the men who will benefit from it, and faith in our readers' willingness to support it. There are few places you can find in this life where a few dollars will do so much good!

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Community Churches

Dear Editor:

Your recent article "Several Bodies We" interested me much, since I was, for a time, a member of one of these community churches. What I have to say is based wholly on that experience. Early in my membership in this particular church, I heard the minister say publicly, after a ministry of about twenty-four years, "This church has never sent out one missionary nor one person into active Christian work." This church sets aside a small sum each year and then divides it among the "agencies of certain denominations." But where is the great incentive, the great objective in that church? By far the greater percent of the budget of that church goes to its minister and the congregation knows that he has no interest in missions. As a subscriber to CHRISTIAN HERALD, I request that my name be withheld since I have but recently left that church.

• We quite agree with the lady's sentiments, insofar as this particular church is concerned. It wouldn't take us very long to leave a church like that! But we err when we get to thinking that such a church is typical of all community churches. This is a sin to be laid on the heart of one minister, and not at the door of the church. Statistics prove, we are told, that community churches give more in proportion to missions than the members of denominational groups.

And we talked last week with one of the most famous missionaries of all time, who is trying to put his famous mission on an interdenominational basis. He's fed up, he says, with the limitations imposed upon him by denominationalism!

More Records

• So many letters telling of outstanding records in Sunday-school attendance have reached us we've had to take them home nights in order to get them read at all. And so many have mentioned the records of people who have passed on that we've been forced to draw a line between the quick and the dead. If you plan to write us about a record, be sure the holder of that record is still among the quick! Up to now, Mr. L. E. Lookabill, 77, of Roanoke, Virginia, is out in front with a very comfortable lead; recently, he missed a Sunday-school session for the first

time in sixty-three years! And he missed because he was hospitalized.

We erred badly at the start, crediting George Slee of Aberdeen, Maryland, with a record of twenty-five years (August "Straight Talk"); Mr. Slee has a perfect record of Sunday-school attendance for forty-eight years. Quite a difference! Any more?

Grateful Grooms

Dear Editor:

I would like to tell you of an idea my husband had, and which I thought might be very helpful. He thought every man who was happily married should send to the minister who married them a "P.S." to the wedding fee, each year, at the time of his wedding anniversary. He sent a dollar for each year of married life; of course, it could be more or less. When it became \$15 or \$20 a year, the minister and his wife planned to spend it for something special; he always was a man on a small salary. After he died, my husband sent the "P.S." to his widow, until she too died. I don't know that it is possible for you to make such a suggestion, and I don't expect you to organize any Order of Grateful Grooms, but I thought I'd tell you about it, anyway.

Walworth, N. Y. Mrs. Floyd L. Swanberg

• Now there is an idea! A lot of us shout our heads off about the scandal of people getting divorced, but we forget to buy a little something for the wife on the wedding anniversary, too! As for those who completely forget the church and the minister . . . ! Even if we couldn't afford to follow Mrs. Swanberg's plan (most of us could, if we really wanted to) we might help a pet charity on that wedding anniversary day. A lot of folks are asking that no flowers be sent to the funerals of loved ones, but that the money be donated to a good charity, instead. We like that. Donations celebrating a wedding would be even more appropriate than those diverted from funerals. We're all for The Order of Grateful Grooms!

How Good A Christian?

Dear Sir:

I do not agree with the author of "How Good A Christian Are You?" Can it be possible that anyone thinks sickness is sent of God in this day and age? Sickness comes as a violation of God's laws, intentional or unintentional. Also, in question

No. 5,—it is never the will of God that a little one should die unless it be His "Circumstantial Will." There, I feel better now, and I love you all just the same. By the way, I rated 92 and it should have been 96 as I see it.

Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. H. A. Dorman

Gentlemen:

I read with mixed emotion your quiz on "How Good A Christian Are You?" How about making the number one question "What think ye of Christ?" It seems that in leaving out the ultimate you have built a house without foundations.

Rev. Grant V. Sorenson
Battle Lake, Minn.

• A question like the one Reader Sorenson suggests would have been primarily theological; we discussed the inclusion of it, then decided to make the quiz one based on Christian performance and behaviour, and not on academic theology. We'd like to have tea with Reader Dorman.

Witnesses

Dear Sirs:

I wish to say a word in defense of two Jehovah's Witnesses whom I know personally. These two sold eggs last week at 20 cents the dozen while I paid my Sunday-school teacher 60 cents a dozen! They are poor farmers and have dug their living out of the soil, yet they refuse to join up with our modern commercialism and money-grabbing. I am not a Jehovah's Witness, but I do believe I know Christianity when I see it.

Alabama A Traveller and Observer

• We would not suggest that all Witnesses are rascals; there are undoubtedly many, many exemplary Christians among them. What we were objecting to was the misleading of their leaders, and what seemed to be a total lack of Christian humility.

Benefactor

• One of the most widely acclaimed articles we've published in recent months has been Ross L. Holman's "Is Your Health Going Up in Smoke?" in the November issue. Requests for reprints, to a total so far of over 100,000, have poured in. To all requests we have been forced to say, "Sorry, continuing shortages make it impossible for us to furnish reprints."

However, one reader, struck by the vast amount of good such an article could do amongst habitual smokers not readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD, decided to take matters into his own hands. He asked our permission and that of Mr. Holman to reprint the article at his own expense. Both permissions were of course granted. This benefactor is Edward L. Wertheim, well-known New York religious publicist. Reprints are available from his office at cost price. If interested, address Mr. Wertheim at: Wertheim Advertising Associates, 11 West 42 St., New York 18.



ILLUSTRATOR HENRY LUCE

Precious People

The house was quiet but awake. Polly and Junior had gone very willingly to bed at ten. For the first time without assistance Shirley had unwrapped the tissue paper from the perennial baubles and displayed them to their best advantage on the tree which by custom occupied a corner of the dining-room.

Once almost audibly she had said to herself, "How silly of us!" and her lips had parted to call, "Phil, dear, I'm ready for you now!" But at that instant his newspaper had rattled savagely and she had resumed her lonesome task without speaking.

Always they had exchanged their gifts on Christmas Eve after Phil had made a long ceremony of decorating

the tree while she handed him the trinkets.

A bit of tender sentiment, which they pretended to esteem lightly, attached to a few of these tarnished trifles. Phil had called them their household gods. Each year a dozen new glitters were added to the stock of staples, but the children preferred these old ones whose annual reappearance provided a continuity of interest in the tree as an institution.

After they had finished, Shirley would bring the gaily wrapped gifts which the children were to have in the morning and make two alluring piles of them beneath the tree. Meantime, Phil would have slipped away to find the gift he had for her.

Seated cross-legged on the rug before the grate in the living-room, they would open their packages, Phil apologizing boyishly for the bungle he had made of his ribbons.

It had always been a very dear occasion. They teased each other a little and grinned when one said, "Just what I wanted!" but each knew that the other knew they were again reconsecrating themselves to a deep devotion.

At eleven-thirty Shirley heard him moving restlessly about, heard him shake the fire in the hearth, looked up and saw him standing in the doorway.

"I wasn't quite up to it this time, Shirley," explained Phil, after a distressing silence.

Unable promptly to arrive at the right answer, Shirley counterfeited a smile.

Elaborating a yawn, he ran his long fingers nervously through his tousled hair and fumbled jerkily with his watch. "I think I'll turn in now," he said, retreating.

"Very well, dear, if you're tired," she replied, resolutely steadyng her voice. "I'll be through presently."

Her eyelids had smarted and her throat ached as he turned away, but there were no tears. Absently she gathered up the litter and stowed it in the battered boxes, made what brave show she could of the ten-cent-store gifts she had bought for the children—the cheap beads and a pungent, sticky picture-book for Polly, the gaudy top and colored crayons for Junior; and turned out the lights.

If only Phil weren't so proud! Why hadn't he played up to this unhappy situation manfully? Mightn't he have bought her a little box of stationery or a short-stemmed rose? She would have given him the pocket-diary, so artfully done up in last season's fancy wrappings, and they could have made a lark of their predicament. Such an adventure in comradeship might have cleared the air of its suffocating constraints . . . Poor, dear, miserable Phil!

There was a subdued murmur of the children's voices as she tiptoed past their door, Polly's muffled tone, maternal, reassuring, a quaint imitation of her own increasing redundancy. "There, there; it will all come right, very soon. Don't fret. Oother people have it much worse."

Resisting the sudden impulse to push open the door and kiss their troubled little faces, she proceeded to her own room, not daring to risk their pensive response.

Partially disrobed now, Shirley sat at the vanity table confronting her heavy eyes.

Except at the very tip-ends which still slightly resisted the mechanical sweep of her monogrammed silver brush—one costly item of a former Christmas gift from Phil—the permanent was all gone, and she was glad of it. It was a relief. She hated it.

She had had it done one afternoon in mid-August. Quite without premeditation she had plunged into that epoch-making profligacy. Hot and weary, she had caught a dismaying reflection of her haggard face and unkempt hair from a long mirror in Folsom's Basement. A wave of revulsion swept her away from the rubbishy counter, littered with pawed-over rayons, and into the crowded elevator.

No sooner had the torturing little thing-a-bobs been applied, and she was left to swelter and suffer, than the worthily bestowed remorse set in. What indeed had possessed her to commit this idiotic extravagance in the face of their desperate plight?

It was the permanent that had introduced the new era of their vexatious life. Nothing had been quite the same since. All the previously sublimated anxieties and secret forebodings now rudely clamored for recognition.

As she sat there, wielding her heavy brush, Shirley reconstructed every word and gesture of the scene they had put on, that sultry August evening at dinner.

"Like it?" she had inquired, turning her profile.

Phil had reluctantly lifted his cloudy eyes from his plate with a vague, brief smile.

"Very pretty," he said dryly. "By the way, Shirley, I glanced over the grocery bill today. Donovan's hadn't credited you with those broken eggs."

Broken eggs! Philip Montgomery Garland, skilled engineer, club favorite, prince of good fellows, soul of generosity, making an ado about broken eggs! Shirley re-experienced the shock, her brown eyes widening in the glass at the recollection. The brush paused for a moment before resuming its rhythmical stroke through her copper hair.

"But it was only a trifle, dear," she had replied, wishing the children well away from this threatened disenchantment. "Half a dozen, maybe."

"That's three bus tickets!" Phil had growled with an impressive emphasis that gave them, at the very least, the value of three suspension bridges.

"ARE WE POOR, DADDY?"



"**A**re we poor, Daddy?" Junior's freckled nose was wrinkled with childish concern.

"No—we're not poor," Shirley had answered decisively, "but your father is quite right in hoping we will not be wasteful."

Phil had grinned unpleasantly, implying he could add something to that if he liked.

"May I be excused now, Mother?" requested Polly. (Dear Polly—pretty wise little woman for a ten-year-old.) "I've my puzzle-picture almost done."

"Better finish your pudding," Phil had advised crisply.

"Really, Daddy, I don't want any more."

"In that case you should have asked for a smaller helping."

Polly stared wide-eyed, rubbed her lip reflectively with the bowl of her spoon, and stole a wistful glance at her mother.

"Run along, child," Shirley had said lightly. "You too, Junior, if you've had enough."

Phil had suspected a double meaning and challenged her with a quick look of inquiry as the children scuttled away.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "You should know I didn't intend to be sarcastic."

He had lighted a cigarette nervously, ostentatious with the discarding of his match as if, when he tossed it contemptuously away, he threw all the rest of the world along with it.

"Well—everybody but the big boys took another cut today. Twenty per cent, this time. Brinkman was let out. I'm likely to face the firing-squad almost any time."

"Is there anything I can do, dear?"

"Yes—economize! Pare our expenses to the bone!"

"I'm dreadfully ashamed, Phil."

Perhaps—if he had smiled ever so little and dismissed her chagrin with a toss of the hand; perhaps—if she had risen instantly and come to him, gently rubbing a flushed, repentant face against his worried head . . . But the incident had closed on that dissonant chord. Nothing had

been quite the same with them since that badly managed moment.

That night, he had slept in the guest-room adjoining theirs, clumsily explaining that he would probably read until all hours. Gradually the guest-room closet filled with his clothing and the chiffonier was untidy with an accumulation of his collars, ties, and trinkets. One Sunday forenoon in October he had put things to rights, stowing his belongings in the drawers. After that, though neither of them talked about it, Phil was not a mere transient in the guest-room but a permanent tenant. Whatever they might do about it if someone came to visit them could be decided when the emergency arose. From that day on, Phil had become more sedate, taciturn, studiously courteous, bafflingly remote.

All the little endearments—the pat on her shoulder, the tips of his fingers sweeping lightly across her cheek as they passed at close quarters in the hallway, the furtive pantomime of a kiss across the breakfast-table accompanied by a dreamily reminiscent look that speeded the heart a little and made one glance at the children out of the tail of one's eye hoping to find them busy with their porridge—all these cherished moments were as irrecoverable as if they had never been.

Frightened over the prospect that Christmas might find them utterly without a little margin of cash for inexpensive gifts—(Phil had lost his position on the first of December)—Shirley had contrived to tuck away a few dollars. A week ago, the collector for the Gas and Electric Company had been so urgent that she had disgorge her little hoarding.

"I'm afraid," she had ventured, when reporting the incident, "I'm afraid we're not going to be able to give the children anything at Christmastime."

"Within a few weeks," he had muttered from behind his paper, "we may be lucky if we can give them anything at meal-time."

Shirley put down the brush quietly and listened with every nerve at full tension. A suppressed moan had come from Phil's room. What dreadful thing might he have done to himself! Suddenly dizzy and weak, she moved unsteadily to the door, and opened it.

Phil was sitting on the floor, in his pyjamas gravely inspecting the sole of his bare foot.

"What is it, dear?" she whispered, kneeling beside him, her trembling hand on his slumped shoulder.

"Get me those steel pliers, Shirley: you know—the thing that looks like a pair of forceps, in my tool-kit. I've stepped on a needle . . . No, no; you can't do it with your fingers. It's very deep in . . . Hurry, won't you?"

In a moment she had returned. Phil reached over his shoulder for the pliers without looking up. Grasping the slightly protruding end of the needle, he gave a long tug, and held it up to the light.

"Half a needle!" he muttered thickly. "That means the other half of it has broken off in my foot."

"Shall I call Doctor Jennings?"

"No, no—we'll wait until morning."

Phil sat dully regarding the steel fragment in his palm, rolling it about with the tip of his forefinger. The big clock in the Saint Andrew's tower impressively boomed twelve. After an interval the chimes began playing, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." Shirley stroked his ruffled hair. He did not stir from his posture of utter dejection.

"Merry Christmas, Phil," she murmured brokenly.

"Is it? Well—I'm glad if you can think so. I have nothing for you, this time."

Then, turning his drawn face slightly toward her, but with eyes averted, he extended his open hand, pulled a cynical grin, and added, "—Unless you would like to have this as a remembrance of the joyous occasion."

Shirley took the tiny piece of steel from the palm he

had held up to her with a frigid indifference that mocked every remembered tenderness of a dozen years, bowed her face in her hands, and cried like a little child.

He sat apparently unmoved by her distress.

"Oh, Phil," she sobbed. "I wish I could do something for you. . . . My dear—you are breaking our hearts!"

Phil had toyed with the Bad Idea. For many weeks he had been turning it over and over.

It had been thought respectable in ancient Rome. And nobody in Japan had ever considered it a shame. When an honorable citizen had entered some *cul-de-sac* too narrow for a graceful U-turn, his friends rejoiced over his lonely valor in driving straight on through the blind end.

Performed before an audience, under authentic auspices, it was heroic, romantic, aesthetic. Everybody who was anybody—plus thousands more—approved it, admired it, applauded it.

When the rotund Grand Opera tenor, unwilling any longer to sweat and grunt under a weary life, screamed and gesticulated his way out of it with a high note vibrating in his larynx and a bare bodkin bobbing in his thorax, all the multitude—from the lower boxes to the upper benches—rose as one man. The twenty-two-dollar patrons split their white gloves and barked "Bravo!" and the seventy-five-cent customers whistled through their fingers and yelled "Abattoy!"

Yet these same people were swept with shuddering horror when they read of the mental or moral collapse of some unsung and unsinging chap who, without asking anyone's permission or hiring a hall, had privately negotiated with Nirvana.

Of late, however, due to the lethal drought that had seared men's sensibilities, the papers had become rather *blasé* in reporting such news. So many disturbing things were happening throughout the world that no great excitement prevailed when yet another harassed business man ventured to excuse himself from further participation in the affair.

Phil Garland had arrived at that stage of his thinking about this matter where he no longer passed judgment on the ethics of these events. He said to himself, "That was quite a decent way to do it," or "This fellow was a bungler," or "What a cad!" He had a cordial feeling toward those who departed without making a big to-do about it, as if they had remarked graciously, "Someone else may have my place: I'm leaving."

But he never had come actually to grips with the Bad Idea, perhaps because five thousand dollars' worth of his life insurance was not yet one year old. There was a clause to that effect: Article 4, under "Provisions." He had been economizing so stingily that the thought of throwing away all this money seemed a Worse Idea than the Bad Idea.

After Shirley had retired to her room, unconsoled by the slightest token of tenderness, Phil lay for a long time rigid and wretched, endeavoring to account for his cruel attitude toward her.

Why had he made no move to comfort Shirley? What was the nature of this strange cataleptic tension that had gripped him when every chivalrous impulse begged him to express his sincere love for her?

Searching himself, he became aware that this sullen apathy had become an established habit. He had been treating his wife coldly for months, as if his defeat and chagrin were somehow her fault. Perhaps the hospitality he had extended to the Bad Idea had something to do with it.

Well—he could dismiss the Bad Idea now. He could even scorn it and tell himself he wasn't the sort that seeks escape from worry and humiliation by contriving a mean little tragedy. Presently—tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, or next week—he would probably go out in the conventional manner. No questions asked, no suspicions

aroused, no embarrassments about arranging for bell, book, and clergy.

He lay relaxed now, almost at peace with himself, remembering all the stories he had ever heard and read about people who had met with little accidents like this one. It was a known fact, he reflected, that a needle would travel painlessly along through the tissues until it pierced the wall of a trunk-line vein; thence, quickly, to the heart. It might take a day, or two, a week or two. You would have no warning, no illness; sound as a nut at noon, dead as a stone by midnight. And that was the way it ought to be—for everybody.

His meditations cheered him immeasurably. It was a great relief to grope out from under the shadow of the Bad Idea. He began to reconstruct the family as it might be constituted within the next few days. The pinch would be eliminated. Polly and Junior would be ever so much better off. They would grieve, but children forget quickly.

As for Shirley, she was only thirty-six and a very attractive woman. Doubtless she would marry again. Why, indeed, shouldn't she?

Phil turned the hot pillow over and lay on his left side. His foot throbbed. Obviously the needle was already tunneling along in quest of easier going.

It would be a quiet wedding. Ted Brinkman, maybe. The three of them had been great friends. He had never been jealous. Ted and Shirley might have been brother and sister. Naturally, Brinkman would be on hand within fifteen minutes. Brinkman would send the telegrams and attend to all the details.

Perhaps Shirley wouldn't mind skimping with someone who could grin over their frugalities. But—Ted Brinkman! My word! What could Shirley be thinking about? She didn't like Contract *that* well, and there was little else they had in common. She took no interest in wrestling matches or billiard tournaments or horse races. Shirley was a bookish girl. And Brinkman? Huh! Ted Brinkman didn't know whether Ibsen had written "The New World Symphony" or painted "The Horse Fair." When Shirley had remarked, one Sunday at dinner, that John Galsworthy was dead, Ted had remarked, "Maybe they'll ask Kipling to be poet laureate now."

That was one thing about Shirley and himself: they had liked the same things. They had the same tastes in music, books, pictures, plays. By jove—if this depression ever came to an end, and they got back to normal living, he would see to it that the dear girl went to everything—*everything*.

The needle gave him another savage gouge, just to remind him that it was too late to organize a campaign for the promotion of Shirley's happiness. Somebody else would have to attend to that. Brinkman, perhaps. But—Brinkman? My word—of all people—Brinkman!

There was one thing he thought he could do, however. It would be silly to make a program for the future, but it was not out of the question to plan a course of action for tomorrow morning. Likely he would still be alive. He sincerely hoped so. It would be bad to leave Shirley with a torturing memory guaranteed to last a lifetime.

No—if he found himself alive in the morning he would see to it that the day was made pleasant for them. He would ignore the fact that they had no money and concentrate on the fact that they still had each other. He would show himself friendly. There would be no sulking. What a piker he had been! Whatever had ailed him . . . moping about . . . meeting their wistful queries with surly scowls and gruff monosyllables.

He wished he could be sure of one more day.

At seven he was roused by a timid, tentative turning of the doorknob. Immediately the entire picture of his new and strange relation to the scheme of things was etched vividly on his consciousness. By jove—he was still alive! That was good.

He looked into Polly's round blue eyes peering at him through the slender crack. His heart thumped. Polly was going to make it easy to do.

"Come on in, baby," he called unsteadily, reaching out a hand. "You wanted to wish Daddy a Merry Christmas, didn't you?"

She nodded, a bit shyly, twisting his hair in her slim fingers. "And to thank you for the beads. They're ever so nice. I like red ones."

"Polly—we're going to have some fun today. All four of us. We're going skating in the park."

"Oh—Daddy! Honestly? Does Mother know?"

"Not yet. Where's Junior?"

"In bed with Mother. Shall I call him?"

"Perhaps we'd better join them."

"WE'RE GOING SKATING!"



"Oh—let's!" She romped ahead of him, leaving the connecting door open. He heard her excitedly reporting the news. Stepping out, he tried his weight on the foot. The pain was slight. Perhaps the needle was so far along now that the pressure did not affect it much.

He glanced at himself in the glass, happy to note that his eyes did not reproach him. It had been a long time since he had faced them squarely. Tugging on his dressing-gown, he went through the doorway.

"Shall we make it a foursome?" he asked, smiling into Shirley's bewildered eyes.

She reached over the children and turned down the covers. He slipped in beside Polly. For a long moment, not a word was spoken. Shirley's palm lay pressed against his cheek. He turned his face, and kissed it.

"Moth-err!" Junior's reproving little squeak rasped through the silence. "Daddy's here with us! Can't you say Merry Christmas?"

"Don't be silly, Junior," muttered Polly, eager to be of some service. "Daddy knows it's Merry Christmas . . . Don't you?"

"Yes, dear," replied Phil thickly.

Shirley's palm, trembling slightly, pressed hard against his cheek. It was wet.

"What did Dr. Jennings say, Phil?"

"He got it out."

"Oh—I'm glad. I've been worried. Did it hurt?"

"Not much." He patted her shoulder. "It's all right now."

She looked up into his face, smiling, her hands on his arms, her brown eyes shuttling back and forth from one to the other of his blue ones. It was an enchanting little trick of Shirley's. Often when he held her in his arms she would let her gaze ramble caressingly over his face; his eyes, one at a time; his lips, his forehead, his chin; and back again to his eyes—considered separately. Phil loved her for it, though sometimes it was just a bit disconcerting to be invoiced so specifically, item by item, even when done in the utmost tenderness.

It was disconcerting now, for he had lied to her.

Immediately after their hilarious breakfast, Shirley had fairly pushed him out of the house, refusing to listen to his talk of delaying a call on the doctor. He had wanted it put off until afternoon.

"We mustn't disappoint the children, dear," Phil had argued. "He might chisel me a little, you know. In that case, I couldn't skate. Let's not spoil their day."

But Shirley had been adamant. What did a little disappointment amount to compared with the danger of waiting an hour longer than necessary?

It was a glorious morning! Phil Garland had never noticed what a wealth of delicate lavenders and purples tinted the shadows of trees and shrubs on gleaming snow. There was a tonic in the air more stimulating than ozone.

His senses seemed abnormally keen. It was a great thing to be alive. The bare fact of living had never struck him with such vividness. Might it not be possible, he reasoned, that jeopardy sharpens the wits?

This uncanny awareness, this sublime sensitiveness had been growing more acute ever since Phil had wakened in the early morning. Yesterday it would have been quite impossible to have roused with this sense of well-being. Today it had been easy, spontaneous. He had wanted to show his love for Shirley and romp with the children. He had caught himself staring at them, half inclined to be envious of their sure hold on life, but aware that he was even more fortunate in his insecurity.

More than three blocks had been covered now. Another would bring him to Dr. Jennings's door. He met and passed the elder Morris girl who, to his surprise, smiled gaily and wished him a Merry Christmas. Phil had always thought her rather glum and upstage, especially of late. It was funny how Christmas would thaw people out. Or did Eleanor Morris see that something had happened to him?

Now he would give it up—whatever it was—and return to the dumps. Dr. Jennings would insist upon an X-ray picture. After several hours—the children's Christmas fun having been spoiled—there would be a report on the X-ray findings. They would put him into the hospital. Hospitals always thought up a great lot of things to charge you for: the bed, the nurses, the fee for the operating-room, the fee for the X-ray fellow, the fee for the surgeon, the fee for the anesthetist, the fee for the blood-counter. He already owed Dr. Jennings two hundred dollars for Junior's tonsils. They would hack his foot to ribbons, and lay him up expensively for three weeks—provided, of course, the needle did not come promptly to the rescue. He felt now that it would. This strange speeding-up of his sensations indicated that he was already close to the Edge.

He had reached the corner now. These six stone steps would put him on Dr. Jennings's rubber doormat. But he did not mount those steps.

Instead, Phil turned and started toward home, relieved by his impulsive decision not to tinker with the circumstances which had given his life its fresh significance. If it was the needle that had done it, he would keep the needle. If this was the last day, very well. The resolution warmed him. He mounted the steps of his house—on which three months' rental was due—with firm confidence that he had done the right thing.

"It's all right now," said Phil, patting Shirley's arm. She searched his eyes, separately, as if one of them might tell something that the other withheld, lingered in them for a moment, seemed satisfied, smiled happily, and drew away.

"Come, children!" she called. "Put on your coats. Daddy's back." She squeezed his hand. "Aren't you?" she whispered.

The next day Phil found a job. It came about through his new attitude toward Time. Until his singular

accident, he had never seriously considered the thought of casual employment involving only a few hours' work. He had been waiting for a permanent position to open in his own vocational field.

There had been sporadic rumors of a new bridge to span the bay. If the city administration approved it, which was doubtful, the public would vote on a bond issue, unlikely to pass. Should that miracle occur, fifty firms would submit bids, Robbins and Dunbar among them. If they got the contract, Phil might be called back to his desk. His good sense told him there wasn't room for that many *ifs* in the whole subjunctive mood.

Now that only a day or at most a handful of days remained, the prospect of a problematical position by a year from next April was so silly it made him laugh.

Having now been dispossessed of his future, he could borrow nothing more from it, either of promise or threat. He was done with it. There was nothing it could do for him; and, what was still more important, there was nothing it could do to him. This conviction left him free to take a square look at Today, and appraise it on its own merits with no expectations or forebodings to distract his mind.

It seemed very strange now to know that you had no future. The thought brought you to your feet with an urgent desire to make full use of your remaining hours. A new dignity attached to the job that could be finished in a day.

Because it was the next morning after Christmas—bountiful baskets having made the necessities of out-of-work less exigent for a couple of days—the Social Agencies' Employment Bureau was almost without clients.

At eleven o'clock only two applicants had appeared, a loquacious old fellow with a black eye and a red nose, and Phil Garland in an old overcoat and a shabby cap befitting the place and his cause.

The plump, good-natured girl behind the tall counter blotted his registration card with considerate little dabs as if she held his name and his need worthy of her courtesy.

"Can you drive a car, Mr. Garland?" she inquired.

Phil hesitated for a long moment and then, realizing that his delay was the equivalent of a reluctant affirmative, said he could drive a truck.

"Did you ever?" she asked skeptically.

"No—but I'm sure I can."

They both grinned.

"Mr. Percival, 62 Ridge Road, has just telephoned that his chauffeur is sick."

Phil shook his head, and the girl pursed her lips.

"Then of course you wouldn't want to shovel his paths," she observed crisply. "Mr. Percival wants that done too."

"Gladly," agreed Phil.

She stared at him mystifiedly.

"Very well." She handed him a card. "It's thirty cents an hour. I'll see what else we can find for you. Come back tomorrow."

He thanked her and was turning away when, lowering her voice, she said, "You aren't too proud to shovel for Mr. Percival, but you don't like the idea of driving for him. Am I right?"

"It isn't a matter of pride," he said casually, and walked toward the door leaving her curiosity unpeased. She determined, as he disappeared, to have it out of him when he returned tomorrow.

He did not return.

Elderly and crotchety James Percival, with nothing better to amuse him—for there was no one to take him out for his customary airing, and his eyes would not permit him to read very long at a time—had been sitting at his library window for more than an hour watching the laborious efforts of a man unaccustomed to wielding a long-handled snow-shovel.

As a generous contributor to the Social Agencies, and therefore entitled to special attentions, Mr. Percival was annoyed. With thousands of idle men tramping the streets, they had been unable to find one who could drive a car. And here was this snow-shoveler! The fellow was trying hard enough, but it was plain to see he was fatigued by his unskilled movements. Judging by their wooden response when he paused to limber them, his fingers in the thin gloves were numb with cold.

Shortly before one—Susan having appeared to consult his wishes about luncheon—Mr. Percival demanded his overcoat, fur cap, and galoshes. With short, prudent steps, and much business with his cane, he puffed and snuffled his way down the carriage-drive. Phil saw him coming, and, straightening an aching spine, awaited his arrival with a mixture of compassion and amusement.

"Ever do that before?" squeaked Mr. Percival, his old face contracted into a million wrinkles as he squinted against the sun.

"Yes, sir—but not very recently," replied Phil, breathing heavily. "I took up snow-shoveling too late to be very good at it."

Mr. Percival grunted and chuckled slightly.

"If it's going too slowly, sir," added Phil, "you need not pay me the full wages."

"Humph! I guess they wouldn't stand much of a cut."

"Well—when wages get down to thirty cents an hour, it doesn't make much difference what you do to them," Phil ventured, with a broad grin.

"You seem to be in a pretty good humor about it," piped Mr. Percival. "It's lunch time. You'd better come in." The proffer of hospitality was extended in the rasping tone of utter denunciation.

"Thanks—I'm not hungry." Phil gave the shovel a thrust.

"You are too!" barked the old man. "Do as I tell you!"

Phil followed obediently up the drive, through the front door, and into the spacious library where a birch fire blazed. Briefly directing the starched Susan to serve luncheon here for two, and that right quickly, Mr. Percival, with much blowing and grunting, pointed to a deep leather chair flanking the grate and sank heavily into its companion. Meeting an obstruction on the seat, he made a great task of fishing out an open book, viewed it at close range, and handing it to his guest, said: "I suppose you never bothered to read *The Diary of John Evelyn*."

"What makes you suppose that?" drawled Phil, with an amiable impudence which he suspected his eccentric employer might relish. "Because I'm a snow-shoveler? Or because I'm not a very good one?"

Mr. Percival dismissed this genial banter with a weary wave of the hand.

"Then I dare say you're acquainted with Sam Pepys, too."

"Well enough. I wouldn't care to be thought chummy."

"Evelyn had more sense than Pepys, don't you think?"

His host clasped his mottled hands over an ample stomach and purred comfortably, approving this sentiment.

"Well—don't hanker for old age, my son," he advised, blinking at the fire. "There's nothing to it. Most of my cronies are dead. Family scattered—what's left of 'em. Eyes weak, legs wobbly, everything tastes alike. No entertainment but that infernal radio. The doctor promises I'll drop dead, one o' these days"—he tapped his breast significantly—"and that'll be all right with me!"

"Me, too," agreed Phil companionably.

"You!" snarled Mr. Percival. "Nonsense! There's nothing the matter with you! A bit of hard luck, perhaps. Unhappy maybe—though you certainly don't look it."

"No—that's true," said Phil thoughtfully. "I'm not unhappy." He crossed his knees and faced his host on terms of admitted social equality. "Returning to John

Evelyn—I think his life in the country made all the difference. A man gets a straighter look at the world in the country. Even Pepys knew that, and wished himself well out of the racket."

Mr. Percival nodded, and rumbled into a reminiscent monologue. "Don't I know it? . . . Some years ago I bought a snug little estate, fifty miles northwest; seven acres of forest, a pleasant stream with sunfish cavorting in it, meadow, orchard, wild roses sprawling over rail fences; house, sheds, barns—all in one piece; delphinium, tender asparagus, beehives, spring water, a pair of guineas, maple syrup, Jerseys, red clover, blue jays . . . but—"

The tired old voice articulated a sigh.

"—I was practically alone out there at 'Idle Acres,' except for the help. Nobody to talk to about anything but what ailed the tractor and the government. The neighbors winked behind my back because I enjoyed the scents and sounds of fields and beasts. I was only a worn-out old man from the city, who didn't know anything about running a farm—and that was all they *did* know. . . . Every few days I had to rush back to town on business. It was no good. I haven't been there for two years. House standing empty now. Tenants worthless. . . . I'd give a great deal to be out there with somebody I could talk to. . . . See here!" he exclaimed, leaning forward on his elbows—"would you like to live in the country?"

In mid-January, a warm week cleared the roads.

Accompanied by Phil and Shirley, Mr. Percival viewed the re-conditioning of the weather-beaten old house with boyish gusto. Fresh paper and paint were doing wonders.

"I'm getting two dozen hens," he announced, as they shivered in the doorway of the chicken-house—"old-fashioned hens. We'll set them on their own eggs. That's the only way to raise broilers fit to eat. This idea of buying a lot of day-old peepers that never met their parents, and bringing them up by electricity! Bah! No wonder they're tough as tripe! This place is not going to be a factory, and we'll not be a bit scientific. I'd like to let Nature attend to most of it. Our chickens are going to be called 'chicks,' not 'birds.' You can always bet on it, whenever a poultry-raiser refers to his chickens as birds, they'll be stringy and tasteless."

They sauntered on to the barn, Mr. Percival still claiming in a high treble as he led the way with careful steps. "And we're not going to pump the cows with an engine! That's what ails the milk these days. They drain the lining out of the cow . . . Ever milk a cow, Mrs. Garland?"

"No," confessed Shirley, "but I suppose I could."

"He! He!" giggled Mr. Percival. "Don't you be too sure about that! . . . And we're not going to have a cream separator to knock the daylights out of the milk. And I intend to buy an old churn, the up-and-down kind that you sit down to and straddle, with little globs of yellow butter working up through the hole and clinging to the handle. You get great buttermilk that way—none of this chemical laboratory stuff that tastes like medicine . . . Ah—this is going to be a rich experience, you'll see! . . . Know anything about old Sam Johnson, Mrs. Garland?"

"Yes, indeed," laughed Shirley. "I was brought up on Boswell's *Johnson*. My father saw to that."

"Your father was a gentleman," declared Mr. Percival, "and I'll forgive you for not knowing how to milk. But I want to be around when you try it. Then I'll teach you, myself—maybe. Ever read Butler's *Erewhon*?"

Shirley nodded.

"Does it make you tired to read out loud?" he shrieked.

"No—I like to, especially when the other person interrupts occasionally to denounce me for something the author has said."

"That's the proper spirit! . . . And we'll pop corn!"

"In the fireplace—over the coals!"

They were leaning on the garden gate now.

"I never saw bigger potatoes in my life than we grew back there in that field. The tenant damaged them a good deal in getting them out; had to do it with a machine, of course; he got so he couldn't stand up and work; had to have something he could sit on and ride. We're not going to have our big potatoes all mollywhopped by machinery! There's a good many rocks out there in that field. I think they grow. Several generations of farmers have cleared all the rocks off it every spring, and there's just as many as before . . . that's a fine appetizer, too—gathering rocks—better'n a cocktail, and doesn't leave your liver full of copper."

"Had you ever thought of using some of those rocks to build a little dam across the creek?" asked Phil.

"That's an idea," agreed Mr. Percival. "Suppose you could do it?"

"Phil *should* know," volunteered Shirley. "That's right in his line."

At four o'clock they climbed back into the tall, outmoded limousine and started back toward the city. Mr. Percival, aglow with excitement, twisted to take a final look as they rounded the bend.

"I believe," he said solemnly, "that I'm going to spend the last few days of my life in that sturdy old house, living the way people were meant to live—and here's hoping nothing befalls me until we're settled and have had a taste of spring."

Shirley, sitting between them, ventured a glance at Phil. He was staring steadily out the window toward the purpling west. She laid her fingers protectively on his arm.

"You may see some interesting sunsets here, Shirley," he said without turning.

She bent her head and closed her eyes. A pensive smile played about her lips. Two hot tears seeped through her lashes. They rode in silence for a mile, Phil Garland and old James Percival wondering how many sunsets there would be.

At length, shaking himself loose from his dour reflections, Mr. Percival loudly cleared his throat.

"And we're not going to feed 'em any prepared food that's manufactured in a slaughter-house," he growled. "No hen that's fed such rubbish is capable of laying a fresh egg."

He met the tardy summons calmly.

A year ago it would have stirred him to the depths.

It was rather fortunate, he felt, that Shirley had gone to the city for the day. Phil wished now that Mr. Percival had acted on his first impulse and accompanied her, for this would be quite upsetting to the dear old fellow.

For many months a cumulative revival of business activity throughout the land had been paving the way for this letter he had just received from Mr. Dunbar requesting him to report for duty on January third. With what joy and pride would he have welcomed such tidings in those bitter pre-Christmas days last year!

Mr. Percival, commenting on the rapidly falling mercury, had gone out to the barn to put some more straw in Flossie's stall, "to keep her legs warm." He would be back presently, wheezing and puffing and stamping cold feet before the big fireplace. It would be a shame to damp his childlike anticipations of Christmas with this notification that the "Idle Acres" experiment—so contenting to them all—was about to reach an abrupt end. But it would be much less considerate to postpone informing him.

As he sat there invoicing the new situation in its bearing upon the various members of his household, Phil turned to Shirley's probable attitude toward their return to the routine of city living.

If the inevitable little drudgeries of country life had bored her, Shirley had given no sign. He had never known her to be so devoted to any recreation as the care of her flower-garden. That she had no misgivings about the chil-

dren's isolation from urban advantages had been proved by the frequency of her comments on the exceptional privileges they enjoyed, particularly in the almost constant company of Mr. Percival who, well versed in woodcraft and a naturalist by instinct, had delighted in serving Polly and Junior as a philosopher and guide in the mysterious carryings-on among the feeble folk of the forest and field. The Pied Piper had not been followed more zealously than Mr. Percival.

Moreover, Shirley had found time to pursue a course of reading—ostensibly for Mr. Percival's nightly entertainment—which, she often remarked, had brought her more satisfaction than the club program, theaters and concerts in the city. She had annexed an old hand-loom and had woven a significant bit of herself into a tapestry that could be shown to an artist without an apologetic grin.

Phil had not quite fully understood her singular solicitude in regard to himself since their residence at "Idle Acres." As a wife, she had never been so completely his mate. But there were momentary flashes of another relationship in which she held him—something almost maternal, brooding, protective. At times he wondered if by some inexplicable instinct Shirley did not know of the peculiar menace that measured his days.

Often, when he embraced her, she would clasp her hands over his head as if to protect him from a descending blow. The gesture was significant of her new attitude toward him. It puzzled him, for surely if she had disbelieved him when he told her that Dr. Jennings had removed the fragment of needle, Shirley would have sparred subtly for further reassurance.

They had never discussed the needle episode from that hour. Yet—Shirley Garland *knew!* And sometimes when she passed behind his chair, as he sat reading, she would touch his cheek with the backs of her fingers, ever so lightly but inquiringly, as if she tested his temperature—or, was that? He did not know.

"This is going to be a very cold night, Philip." Mr. Percival spread his big-veined brown hands to the fire. "Any mail?"

"Not for you, sir, this time."

Phil strolled to the spacious fireplace. "I have had a letter from the office, Mr. Percival. They want me back—a week from next Wednesday. What would you advise me to do?"

"Do!" echoed the old man. "You hadn't expected to spend the rest of your life out here, had you—active young fellow like you?"

"Well—no," replied Phil, vastly relieved. "Truth is—I haven't thought very much about it lately. We've been so contented. But I don't relish the idea of our leaving you out here alone, and I doubt if you want to go back to town. I think your wishes ought to be consulted."

"Nonsense."

Mr. Percival lowered himself lumberingly into his big chair, and briefly squinted at the letter Phil handed him, returning it with vigorous nods of approval.

"This weather's going to be too severe for me, anyhow. Philip. I'm not much good at wading snow. Didn't mind it last February, with spring in sight. But it's pretty hard on an old chap to be boxed up all winter—even under these favorable circumstances. Oh—I could have gone through it, I guess. But I've been doing some thinking. Wait—I'll show you."

He rose with an effort and, having disappeared for a moment into his adjacent bedroom, came back with both hands full of gaily printed travel literature.

"Look, Philip. What do you think of this one?" The shaky forefinger traced a red line on the map of an itinerary. "See?—Azores . . . Gibraltar . . . Tunis . . . Naples. Naples! Haven't seen Naples for twenty years. No reason why I shouldn't, is there? I could go to Glory as directly from Naples as from here, if the old pump gave

out. It's easy enough. I board the boat and let the stewards baby me. They know how. Blue sky and warm afternoons—after the second day out. I've been wanting to talk to Shirley and you about it, but—"

Phil smiled appreciatively. "But you didn't want to leave us here by ourselves; was that it?"

"Of course. I had got you into it."

It was a memorable Sunday afternoon. All day the snow had fallen steadily, conspiring with the snugness of the old house to provide Mr. Percival and the Garlands a perfect environment for Christmas Eve.

After the one o'clock dinner—there had been a turkey of their own that had ranged the woods and meadow all summer, and vegetables they had hoed, and nuts they had gathered—the family drew up chairs about the cavernous fireplace.

About four, a prodigious, unambushed yawn certified that Mr. Percival needed some exercise, and Phil invited him to come up to the attic on an unexplained errand, leaving the children devastated with curiosity.

Phil had improvised a substantial workbench in the attic. For more than a month he had been spending many hours here, every day, having made it known that visitors would not be welcome until he lifted the ban.

Out of his own well-stocked tool-kit he had fashioned a lathe from odds and ends of previously neglected farm-machinery.

He had made a sled for Junior—a red one, with green pin-stripes, the runners shod with steel. There was a doll's house for Polly, filled with quaint, old-fashioned furniture. Shirley, sharing this much of his secret, had made covers for the tiny beds and upholstered the chairs and davenport.

But the crowning triumph of his handicraft was the walnut sewing-cabinet he had built for Shirley.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed Mr. Percival. "She'll be delighted! It's the prettiest thing I ever saw. Philip, I ... no notion you were so handy with tools."

"I surprised myself a little," chuckled Phil. "It was the first time I had ever seriously tried to do anything like this. Worked it up out of raw materials. My total outlay for Christmas this year was sixty cents. And I never had so much fun in my life."

"Something more than fun, I suspect," amended Mr. Percival soberly. "You've discovered yourself an artist. Why—if you were ever stuck, you could make a decent living this way!"

"Hardly," doubted Phil. "If one were doing this sort of thing for money, one would be in a hurry. When I made this piece, I was not filling an order."

He did not add—that he was strongly tempted to do so—that each day's work had been performed with the consciousness of its probable finality. It was doubtful, reflected Phil, whether he would have been able to create this bit of artistry in any other state of mind. Aware, as he worked, that he might never be permitted to complete the whole of it, he had crafted each part as if it were the end and aim of his endeavor. The perfection of this undeniably beautiful art-form could be explained by the fact that he had never said, "I'll smooth down this mortise with a little more care—tomorrow."

It was eleven-thirty. The children had been put to bed in a grand state of excitement. Their stockings dangled from the mantel. Beside them hung a home-knitted gray sock of Mr. Percival's which they had begged from him, though he had not protested very much. He too had gone to his room, promising to be astir early in the morning.

Feeling that good taste suggested his giving them inexpensive presents, in view of the Garlands' financial condition, the good old man had handed Shirley some very simple little toys for Polly and Junior which Erickson had purchased for him in town. She loved him for this.

The shapely tree, which Phil had brought in yesterday on his shoulder from the woods, gleamed with the usual display of baubles, Polly's beloved fairy, frumpy but self-confident, topping the pageant.

"I believe that's all, dear," concluded Shirley, stepping back to admire the effect of the children's gifts piled beneath the tree. "Shall we exchange our presents now?"

Phil nodded, happily, and made another trip to the attic.

They sat on the floor before the fire, his arm about her shoulders, Shirley making affectionate little murmurs over the beauty of his gift, Phil meditatively stroking the softness of the sweater she had knitted for him.

"Much better than last Christmas, Phil," said Shirley. "Remember what you gave me?"

"I was a beast."

"I still have it, dear. Want to see? Look!"

"No—no—don't remind me of it!"

"But I think very highly of it, Phil. Don't you know that it changed everything for us, so that nothing will ever be quite the same again? It was this needle, dear, that saved our home—and our love."

Phil shook his head slowly. "No, darling," he replied, "it wasn't this piece of the needle that did it. It was the other half!"

"I know," she said softly, pressing her cheek against his sleeve.

There was a long silence between them. A clack from the old clock on the mantel warned that it was about to strike.

"Phil, dear, I've another gift for you."

She laid a small box, gaily wrapped, in his hand, and while he sat awkwardly untying the ribbons Shirley clung to his arm, trembling with emotion.

"You'll forgive me—won't you—dear?" she begged, the detached, half-incoherent phrases tumbling after each other, bewilderingly. "It was just the next day—I was mending the rug . . . I wanted to tell you—at once—but—"

Phil dazedly opened the little box and stared at its strange contents—a mere scrap of red velvet, pierced with a tiny fragment of steel.

"But—you see"—Shirley went on, brokenly—"it had given you back to us . . . I couldn't risk losing you again, could I? . . . And it had made you so brave, and kind, and so—so exalted!"

Phil's arm tightened about her shoulders, protectively. He slowly released a long, pent-up sigh that sounded as if it might have come from a great distance.

The old clock, with much fussiness of buzzing and many irrelevant hammerings off-stage, struck twelve with swift unceremoniousness, as if wisely deciding that the occasion now deserved a bit of welcome relief.

"Well—thanks—Shirley," stammered Phil. "I'm glad to have it . . . Just what I wanted . . . No—no—no—don't do that, darling! . . . It's Christmas!"

THE END.

